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JULY 1982

HEAVY METAL

VOL. VI, NO. 4

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DOSSIER

NU VINYL

ELECTRO-POPISM

If the capitalist consumer culture has taught us anything, it's how to dress up old merchandise in snazzy new clothes and peddle it to a commodity-saturated public. While my cynicism about the pop biz doesn't approach Frank Zappa's—who sez all "new waves" are fashion initiatives serving clothing and accessory manufacturers—enough storm-trooped change has marched past these weary eyes to nudge an already hair-trigger skepticism reflex over the edge. Surveying the ascendant synthesizer pop sub-genre (and its attendant clothes consciousness) does tempt one into just such a snap judgment—a wrong one, if you delve any distance below the surface. Yeah, some of it might be the same old shit in new picture sleeves, but not all of these prettyboys (and a couple of girls) are content to mimic past forms and ideas.

Unfortunately, limey tuneteens **Depeche Mode** (name copped from a Frog rag mag) seem blissfully happy to cohabit with ho-hum pop conventions on their *Speak & Spell* (Sire) debut LP. When collected together, their handful of zippy singles ("Dreaming of Me," "New Life," and their best, "Just Can't Get Enough"— love those Beach Boys harmonies!) reveals their Kraftwerk/Moroder Eurodisco heritage in unflattering nakedness, transforming dance-floor freshness into home-stereo tedium. A recitative live gig at the Ritz here in NYC only confirmed my doubts. Stick to the singles.

Fellow Brits/first timers/Sire-ees **Soft Cell** also flunk, but for different reasons. *Non-Stop Erotic Cabaret* features superior synth work by Dave Ball (all flashing neon, icy chrome, and stiff leather) and excessively obnoxious posing by vocalist Marc Almond—whose mannered voice can't carry a tune for shit. If Almond can leave behind his adolescent, sleazy-sex obsessions (or at least illuminate their inherent humor or tragedy), Soft Cell could grow beyond their low rent up-market Suicide status (a disco Benny Hill, maybe?).

Soft Cell: Dave Ball, left, and Marc Almond. Olé!

Meanwhile, over in the Yank rookie leagues, **Our Daughters Wedding** and **Los Microwaves** electronically pepper the infield with solid one-base hits. With their synth trio craftily augmented by a session drummer (for added punch), ODW's mini-LP *Digital Cowboy* (EMI America) delivers what their two self-produced singles promised (check *HM* 12/80 for pre-history). They remain one of the best live synth-pop acts I've seen, and with their decidedly amuriken pop sensibility, could easily crack the notoriously conservative U.S. record market. The Microwave's *Life After Breakfast* (Poshboy) is less consistent, but always listenable and refreshingly, winningly naive.

As relative veterans, **The Human League** (who in a slightly different configuration helped pioneer the form with 1978's "Being Boiled") display unsurprising assurance with platinum pop hook architecture. Though ultimately hollow (and what of it?), the tunes on *Dare* (A&M—their first USA release, third overall) are flawless constructions of costume jewelry that almost physically attach themselves to your turntable. Very addictive.

The problem with this stuff becomes clear after prolonged exposure—it's fun okay, but ultimately unsatisfying. If you want not just clean laundry but a whole new set of clothes, try the following on for size.

Fad Gadget, *Incontinent* (Mute UK import): Has its moments, but somehow the rage-sublimated-into-irony lacks the conviction of Fad's first, *Fireside Favourites* (also a Mute import).

Japan, (Virgin/Epic): If you can get past the painted faces (took me a couple of years), this compilation of Jap's last two UK releases surprises and shocks—gutsy percussive synth, serpentine fretless bass, oriental scales, and a singer with terminal Bryan Ferry-itis. Answers the eternal question, "What if Roxy Music had become Eno's band instead of Ferry's?"

Simple Minds, *Themes For Great Cities* (Stiff): A fascinating, brooding excursion into the heart of Eurodisco's darkness. *Themes* was assembled from this exceptional Scottish band's last four UK LPs (buy em!).

Yello, *Bostich* (Stiff EP), *Claro Que Si* and *Solid Pleasure* (both Ralph LPs): This Swiss trio's pop mini-epics are like Disney Silly Symphonies—witty, cinematic, omnivorously eclectic. Lou's pick to click.

Wall of Voodoo, *Dark Continent* (IRS LP), and eponymous EP on Index: As vocalist Stan Ridgway proclaims, "This modern world deserves a modern attitude." Indeed. Tense irritating and percussive; pop melodies slashed and punctured by rapierlike guitar; vocals dripping with sarcasm and self parody . . . Voodoo's pop is both abrasive and reassuring.

This is one season's wardrobe you really do need to buy.

—Lou Stathis

Addresses:
Index Records: Box 944, Los Angeles, CA 90028
Poshboy: Box 38861, Los Angeles, CA 90038
Ralph: 444 Grove Street, San Francisco, CA 94102
Stiff: 5 Crosby Street, New York, NY 10013

Solicitations!

We the people of Heavy Metal, *in order to form a more perfect Dossier section, are earnestly soliciting your comments! Jot down your thoughts and send them to: DOSSIER,* Heavy Metal Magazine, *635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Come on! Be honest! We can take it!*

SUMMER POP-CORN

A crazed biker freak in *Road Warrior*

Road Warrior

Winner of the grand prize at the Avoriaz Fantastic Film Festival, *Road Warrior* dazzles and overwhelms with its consistently violent and nihilistic vision and story about a post-holocaust voyage of the damned down an empty gasoline alley. Mel Gibson, former pursuit cop whose wife and child were slaughtered by a bike gang, is a self-styled samurai in leather and steel, who wanders through a lost, future frontier where fuel is at a minimum and crazed outlaws battle for it. Down a two-lane blacktop in a battered, supercharged vehicle, our born-to-be-a-maverick hero clashes with and decimates a marauding biker on a big-mother hog over a supply of fuel. Along the way to nowhere, Gibson falls upon an encampment where thousands of gallons of gasoline are stored. The fort is under attack by a pack of speed-freak bikers who sport day-glo mohawks like the shock-rocker Plasmatics. Inevitably, Gibson infiltrates the camp and is forced into the role of savior. You can figure out the rest of this Grade Z sf road battler to end all road battles, in which despair hangs heavier than nerve gas. You'll love it!

Annie

Leapin' Lizards, the flag-waving, fit-for-the-whole-family extravaganza about the most beloved comic strip orphan of the century turns out to be a bigger drag-ass bore than the cardboard Broadway hit. Just in time for the next depression, the snazzy art deco musical features skin-head Albert Finney as Daddy Warbucks, a sickening child star, Aileen Quinn as Annie, and an otter-hound as Sandy. Annie's faithful, farting dog. Veteran director John Huston proves to Warbucks and everyone else that next to love and happiness, money and power are everything; while Little Orphan A concentrates on getting unrequited loves together. "Let's Go to the Movies," the Radio City Music Hall show-stopper, ignites the *King and I*-style romance between Daddy and his beauty-in-hiding secretary Grace, (the delectable Ann Reinking). Quinn, who plays Annie as a spunky old maid, gets kidnapped by a mean couple (Bernadette Peters and *Rocky Horror* transvestite Tim Curry), but is saved by her billionaire sugar daddy, who's gotten used to having her around the mansion. Considering the state of the economy, the nauseating, overly upbeat, Fourth of July sing-along to "Tomorrow" makes you sag. The comic strip was a thousand times better than this Sound of Muzak complete with a miniature Julie Andrews.

Stephen King in *Creepshow*

Creepshow

Filmed in the campy believe-it-or-not style of 1950s horror comics, *Creepshow* will be memorable if for nothing else than the loony-toon acting debut of Stephen King, poet laureate of all-day sucker-horror novels. A poor but greedy farmer, King tries to make a profit from a no longer unidentified flying object that lands on his farm. Zombie-master George A. Romero directs *Creepshow*'s tales-with-a-moral according to the rules of fantasy violence: entertain by toying with the unknown, explore the psyche and the psychic, bring on lots of the living dead, and warn ordinary mortals to be on the look-out for spectres, devil pawns, voodoo dolls, and children who read horror comics. The best creepy-crawly devices in *Creepshow* result from the comic book graphics—lightning bolts behind the heads of screaming victims and the last frame of each story dissolving into a perfect comic book illustration.

Valeria, Conan the Barbarian's true love

Annie (Aileen Quinn) and Sandy

Mel Gibson as the Road Warrior

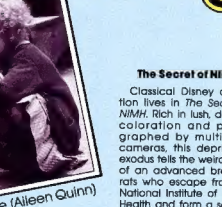
The Secret of NIMH

Classical Disney animation lives in *The Secret of NIMH*. Rich in lush, detailed coloration and photographed by multiplane cameras, this deprivation exodus tells the weird plight of an advanced breed of rats who escape from the National Institute of Mental Health and form a sophisticated society (shades of *Watership Down* and Hobbitmania). During their laboratory captivity, the rodents received injections which increased their intelligence and enabled them to distinguish between right and wrong. Add to this set-up a Dickensian plot of good versus evil and a dumb field-mouse widow with a critically ill mousey-pooh (Tiny Tim?), and you've got the perfect socially conscious Disney donut for the Reagan Era.

NIMH's director, Don Bluth, a Disney veteran, has pledged allegiance to restoring the glory of pure animation. This pantheistic allegory never lives up to Bluth's dynamite two-minute fantasy for "Don't Walk Away," performed by Electric Light Orchestra in *Xanadu*. I'm as big a sucker as the next animation freak for *Fantasia*-colored skies and lovable animals with human characteristics. What doesn't do it for me is the Sunday School rap laid down by the rats from *NIMH*.

Cat People

Not funny or sinister, Paul Schrader's sluggish remade-update of the 1942 *Cat People* promises less than it delivers. Generally conducive to the suspension of disbelief in an abrasive thriller, the film's tepid bestiality and incest are about as scary as dishwater slipping down the drain. With or without clothes, kinky Malcolm McDowell and asinine Nastassia Kinski sleepwalk through the routine of a doomed brother and sister descended from a family tree of cats. When they turn into panthers, they lack the shock value and special effects of William Hurt foaming into an *Altered States* nasty beastie. McDowell gets killed off and Kinski falls for a zoo keeper who loves the female and feline in her. He allows her to live out her cat life as a specimen in the New Orleans Zoo. So much for art imitating the supernatural.



Arnold Schwarzenegger as Conan the Barbarian

Conan the Barbarian

Avenging the death of his mother, Conan, Mr. four-time Universe Arnold Schwarzenegger, systematically wipes out a medieval snake cult and its leader—James Earl Jones in Druid drag doing a great Rev. Jim "Kool-Aid" Jones. The el cheapo production values and grainy photography of endless decapitations on the plains of Spain don't detract from the magical levitation scene in which Conan is healed by the Wizard. Tits-and-ass and pecs-and-biceps fans will no doubt get off on the 99-percent nude sex scenes between Conan and Valeria, his true woman-warrior love. Few words are exchanged between them, but there's lots of body talk and action in freeze frames swiped from the pages of *HM*. For those who can't get enough of the Mount Olympus of muscles, Arnold Schwarzenegger returns in the sequel—*Conan the King*.

—Daphne Davis

Horror Meister

When Roger Corman first emerged as the king of low-budget horror flicks, there were few revisionist film critics to put him in proper perspective. Thanks to the genre's new respectability and financial success, Corman is being reconsidered as a near-genius for his ability to make gripping, intelligent movies without bankrupting a company. As Ed Naha points out in his terse and informative ***The Films of Roger Corman*** (Arco), the producer/director's other virtue was to invent on-the-spot cinematic techniques, which influenced a raft of soon-to-be major filmmakers and stars—Francis Ford Coppola, Jack Nicholson, Peter Fonda, Joe Dante. Through Corman, this group learned the splice-and-cut process of whole movie-making from bits of footage. Corman gets credit for using New World, his distribution and production house, to affirm his auteurist connections by distributing some of the best foreign films (Volker Schlondorff's *Tin Drum* and Kurosawa's *Dersu Uzula* among others), making him a movie maverick to be reckoned with.

—Brad Balfour

CRYPTICA

ROBOT OVERKILL

■The robot was clearly malfunctioning at Kawasaki Heavy Industries' autoparts processing plant near Kobe, Japan, when Kenji Urada, a thirty-seven-year-old employee, went over to repair it. Promptly, the machine turned on him and crushed him to death. If robots can kill during a malfunction, can they be programmed to do so deliberately? Imagine future robot armies . . . which malfunction and attack the wrong side.

LOVE CHIPS

■Think sex is too mechanical now? Wait until the computer age *really* sets in. An unnatural progression from computer dating is a new device called the "Love Bug." It consists of two microchips packed into a small transmitter hung around the neck like a pendant. One chip carries data about yourself; the other about your ideal mate. When someone wearing the Bug whose data tallies with yours comes into range, your Bug and theirs start to beep. But, if you don't like what you see, there's a built-in, emergency shut-off button.

—Melik Kaylan

FUTURE FASHION:

POSITION, DISTANCE AND DEAD RECKONING

Joey and Janus, the multi-talented performers from Strange Party and The Klaus Nomi Show debut their picks for coming trends! North, South, East, and West, the compass points to:

Photography by Dean Chamberlain

▲ North: The Magnetic Pole. An area of space whereupon magnetic objects manifest ad infinitum.

◀ East: The conic projections are mysteriously enchanting, don't you think?

▶ South: The horizontal danger zone. The intensity of the sun will radiate from the inhabitants' apparel.

▲ West: The new frontier. The direction of the sunset is governed by none.

Layout by **Philip Monaghan**

Entertainment Through Pain

Avoiding rock strictures and pop niceties, three English groups—**Throbbing Gristle, Cabaret Voltaire** and **This Heat**—use the raw material of sound to make some of the most visceral and intelligent music around. They may utilize tapes, synthesizers, treated guitars, etc., but they are definitely not removed or "modern." You might call them expressionist, but that would be too personal. Instead, they pull back the scab covering our communal repressions and submissions.

A sampler culled from their previous releases, *Throbbing Gristle's Greatest Hits*, includes such memorable ditties as "Hamburger Lady," "Subhuman," "Six Six Sixties," and "Tiab Guls" ("Slug Bait"). This is the music you'll hear as you prowl the sewers looking for food, or fuck in the sludge as the radiation settles aboveground. Thoroughly uncompromising, TG's invocations of psychic disarray never fail to expose a buried nerve. Their decision to deal with the "darker" side of things is not necessarily negative—you get the feeling it's realistic. (See also their live cassette, *Beyond Jazz Funk*.)

Relentlessly seductive rhythms and repetitive chant vocals, washed with guitar and synth textures, lay out a thick heathen pulse on Cabaret Voltaire's LP *Red Mecca*, and double single ("Jazz the Glass," "Burnt to the Gound," "Eddies Out," and "Walls of Jericho") What they lose in immediate impact and clarity (particularly in the rarely understandable vocals), they more than make up for in subtlety of sound and shifting of textures. Neither arty field music nor minimalism, CV's primal voodoo chants insinuate themselves into your consciousness.

One of the most formally inventive (and disruptive) groups, This Heat demonstrate on their second album, *Deceit*, a natural ease with loops, pre-recorded rhythms, and textures, in addition to live playing. With precise irrationality they jolt from one passage to another, juxtaposing often lushly melodic vocals with white noise and cacophony. While their lyrics allude elliptically to mass passivity in the face of real disaster, they're never pedantic, only rooted in the immediacy of personal experience. Alternately ugly and sensuous, hypnotic and fractured, this music demands an active participation.

—Michael Gira

(All recordings available through Rough Trade, 1042 Murray Street, Berkeley, CA 94710.)

Magic Markers

Charles Henri Ford

More and more sf writers rely on magic for inspiration. Some would do better to replace flashing wands and abracadabra spells with real knowledge of cosmic energy and Tantric power. ***Kundalini***, by Ajit Mookerjee (Destiny Books), subtitled *The Arousal of the Inner Energy*, is a profusely illustrated handbook of astral travel showing the actual diagrams of the body's circuitry and how to unlock the energy knots (chakras) in order to effect transformation. Every breath, about 21,600 a day, is a potential key to space travel, and Mookerjee gives scientific instruction as well as sound and color charts, complete with sexual secrets and electronic crystal balls.

Lisa Goldstein's ***The Red Magician*** (Timescape Books) attempts to meld the mystical with science fiction. In a simplistic tale of good and evil magicians, set against the landscape of the holocaust, she turns the Wandering Jew into a hippy magician with a knapsack full of amulets and talismans; then pits him against an evil rabbi, who escapes the Nazis by turning himself into a wolf. The best scene involves the attempted creation of a golem based on the Cabalistic legend. (For the real thing, read *The Golem* by occult master Gustav Meyrink.) The Red Magician saves a Jewish Cinderella from the death camps and gets her a ticket to America. Nice Jewish girl would like to meet tall, dark golem with own dental practice.

Readers who can handle distillations of a more potent sort will welcome a collection of sf mythomagical poetry by surrealist Charles Henri Ford. His latest work, ***Om Krishna II*** (Cherry Valley Editions), begins where the others left off. A definite microwave boost to the brain, this multi-tiered performance sums up some of the esoteric psychosexual aspects of a polymorphous world. If you can stand to see what lies in store for us, drop into Ford's mental massage parlor where every poem's a print-out from the cosmic computer. A must for those who relish magic in the making and can't find it elsewhere.

—Ira Cohen

SF Hit Parade

A classic short story works like a hit single. Meant to be absorbed in one gulp, its impact is dependent on attention-grabbing hooks (O. Henry surprise) or evocative texture (Ray Bradbury's autumnesque nostalgia). Such assemblages are often valuable in illuminating a writer's progression, telescoping quirky careers to add overview and autobiography.

In ***A Life in the Day of . . .*** (Bantam), by **Frank M. Robinson**, coauthor of *The Glass Inferno*, recounts his literary history from a preadolescent purchase of his first copy of *Astounding* to the thrill of his first sale to that magazine ("The Maze"); how writers develop plot ideas and deal with editors ("The Santa Claus Planet"); his growing grasp of style, characterization, and nuance ("The Wreck of the Ship John B."); and his experiences in Haight-Ashbury during the ill-extended "Summer of Love" ("A Life in the Day of . . ."). Robinson's own story has an upbeat ending, when the likable professional sells his blockbuster novel to Hollywood for a large sum, sees it become *The Towering Inferno*, and lives happily ever after.

Isaac Asimov and **Martin H. Greenberg** have come up with a new twist in Best of the Year compilations. Going back in time, they have assembled ***The Great SF Stories*** (DAW), an ongoing series that takes place during sf's acknowledged golden era. The sixth and latest volume returns us to 1944, a year blackened with the charred debris of World War II. Despite harsh times, the talent in this collection glitters: A. E. Van Vogt's "Far Centaurus," Lewis Padgett's "When the Bough Breaks," Theodore Sturgeon's relentless "Killdozer!," and a trio from Clifford Simak—"City," "Huddling Place," and "Desertion" (incorporated into Simak's book-length *City*).

—Lenny Kaye

Photograph by Ira Cohen

VIDEO OF THE ABSURD

EYE MUSIC

Music-video or Video-music—where's the conceptual focus? Picture? Sound? Pick an option: a) Concept—match picture to sound; b) Soundtrack—wed sound to picture; c) Live—simultaneous picture and sound (performance); d) None of the above. Five music-videos offer directions but leave the viewer to grapple with the conclusions.

The Tubes, whose original 70s incarnation successfully integrated a conceptual video dimension into rock concertizing, have created a state of the avant-garde music-video that demands repeated viewing. Based on material from their latest Capitol album, *The Completion Principle Backwards* ("Use your imagination as reality to see the things you want from the end backwards"), ***The Tubes Video*** (Thorn-EMI disc and cassette, 1981) synthesizes the band's abstract, funny, and profound approach to video. Surrealistic video director Russell Mulcahy injects his riveting sense of visual fantasy into the Tubes' nihilistic fascination with TV news, multi-national corporations, and ritual violence. Kenny Ortega, who stages the live shows, choreographs the flow from simulated concert footage to affecting narrative sketches and provocative landscapes. A rampaging R-rated rock-vid experience.

Spyro Gyra, clinical jazz/rock fusionnaires, fail to capitalize on their only music-video shot at visualizing the non-semantic, "mood orientation" of their music, rather than their live, squeezy-eyed, mock-soul performances. ***Live at the Park West*** (Warner Communications cassette, 1981) gets smart only once—in the seven-minute "Lazer Material" where computerized special effects color, animate, and transport the band from the stage to a memorable, swirling-vortex dimension-painting. Beware the pseudo-documentary segments, including the one explaining the Spyro Gyra philosophy—they're strictly E-for-Edit rated.

"None of the above" is always an inviting but tricky category. Ron Hays's ***Odyssey*** (20th Century Video cassette, 1979) and Astralvision's ***Electric Light Voyage*** (Media Home Entertainment cassette, 1981) reveal the inconsistency inherent in this choice. Attempting to reflect the abstract nature of instrumental, synthesized music, Hays, a leading "visual music" creator, produces the more cohesive and polished music-video, while Astralvision's effort contains the more striking individual experiences. Often like being imprisoned in a cosmic Etch-A-Sketch, one can consider the uneven *Electric Light Voyage* a progression in audio-visual psychedelia. Promising to "test your inertia," *Odyssey* delivers only a video Rorschach test. Given the proper poetic and narrative references, these inventive fantasy visuals could do for music-video what *Star Wars* did for movies.

Music-videos are a sure-fire safeguard against matter chaos. Digest some soon.

—Alan Hecht

SOME VIDEO GAMES ARE MERELY TEDIOUS TESTS OF EYE/HAND COORDINATION. DONKEY KONG IS A LOVE STORY THAT MIXES THE CLASSIC BEAUTY AND THE BEAST TALE WITH A CYNICAL LOOK AT TECHNOLOGY VERSUS MODERN MAN.

DONKEY KONG TAKES ELEMENTS FROM TWO CLASSICS-DON QUIXOTE AND KING KONG-TO ADD TO THE USUAL VIDEO GAME CHALLENGE. THE COMPUTER GRAPHICS, MUSIC, AND SPECIAL EFFECTS ALONE ARE WORTH THE PRICE OF ADMISSION.

THE PLOT IS YOUR BASIC LOVE TRIANGLE- BOY MEETS GIRL, GORILLA STEALS GIRL, BOY RESCUES GIRL, BOY AND GIRL FALL IN LOVE, GORILLA STEALS GIRL AGAIN, BOY THROWS GORILLA OFF A TALL BUILDING, BOY AND GIRL REUNITE. THE STORY IS TOLD IN FOUR PARTS. IN THE FIRST ONE, KONG ROLLS BARRELS DOWN A MAZE OF STAIRS AND LADDERS WHILE DON QUIXOTE ATTEMPTS TO SAVE THE GIRL. IN THE SECOND PART, A TRIUMPHANT KONG STANDS ON TOP OF A SKYSCRAPER, BEATING HIS CHEST, WHILE THE DIMINUTIVE HERO TURNS THE TABLES ON THE VILLAIN AND REUNITES WITH HIS LADY LOVE. FURTHER OBSTACLES CONFRONT THE PROTAGONIST LATER IN THE FORM OF A MAZE OF ELEVATORS AND FALLING MATTRESS SPRINGS. STILL LATER, KONG DEVISES A COAL MINE COMPLETE WITH BURNING FIRES, CONVEYOR BELTS, AND DEADLY MUD PIES.

IT DISTURBS ME THAT THE CREATOR OF THE GAME MADE KONG THE ARCHITECT OF THIS WASTELAND. KONG WAS ONCE THE VICTIM OF MAN'S RELENTLESS TECHNOLOGY. HOWEVER, DONKEY KONG SEEMS TO SUGGEST THAT THE INMATES ARE RUNNING THE ASYLUM.

THE DON QUIXOTE CHARACTER IS UNIQUE IN THIS VERSION SINCE THE GAME PLAYER PERFORMS THAT PART SO ANY HEROISM OR SKILL THAT DON Q. SHOWS IS REALLY A REFLECTION OF YOUR OWN ABILITIES. THAT VIDEO GAMES INVOLVE THE PLAYER MORE DIRECTLY AND INTIMATELY THAN FILM, BOOKS, OR TV HAS NOT YET BEEN APPRECIATED BY ANY MAJOR MEDIA CRITIC.

INTERESTINGLY, THE DON QUIXOTE CHARACTER IS CONFRONTED BY IMPOSSIBLE ODDS. UNLIKE ASTEROIDS OR CENTIPEDE, YOU ARE AWARDED AN EXTRA MAN ONLY ONCE. THUS, HIS FIGHT IS GALLANT BUT MEANINGLESS.

HERE THE GAME ECHOES MODERN EXISTENTIAL DESPAIR. NO MATTER HOW WELL YOU DO, THE MACHINE KEEPS THE GIRL, AND YOU DIE.

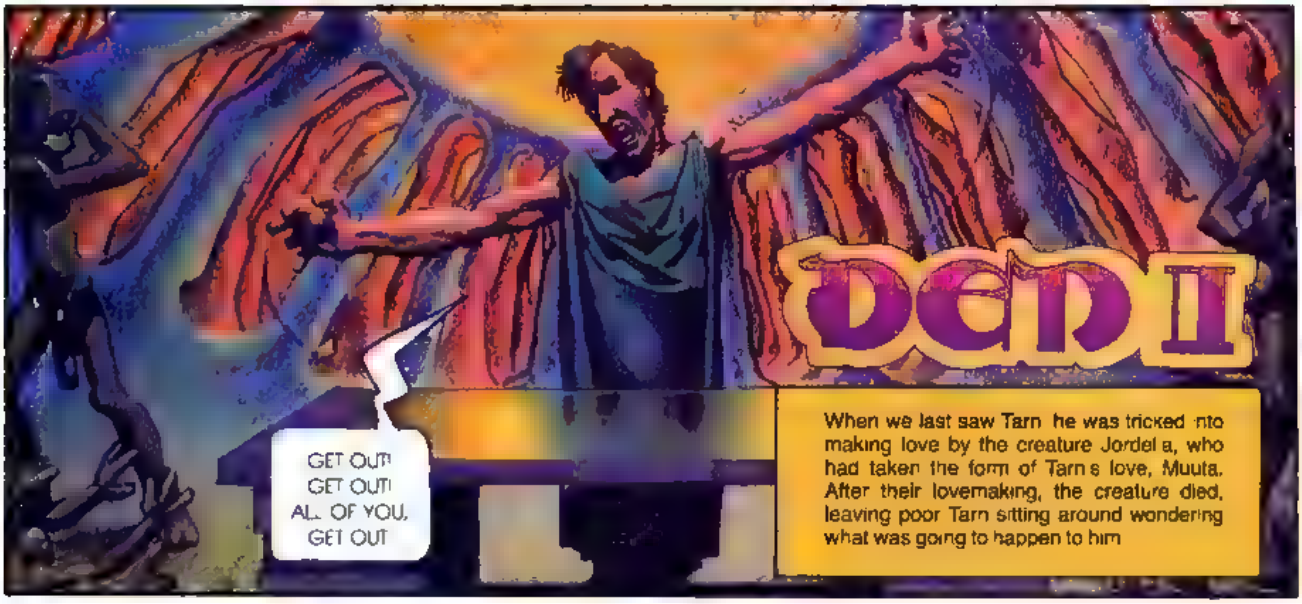
I GUESS THAT'S WHY I DON'T DO VERY WELL ON DONKEY KONG AFTER A CERTAIN POINT.

DISC-O-KODACHROME

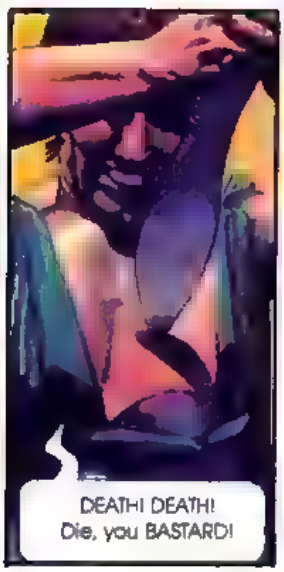
Since the Polaroid and Instamatic, amateur photographers have suffered through the last few decades without any major innovations except smaller cameras. New horizons loom for budding paparazzi with **Kodak**'s 4000, 6000, and 8000 Disc System. The cameras are very small (1" × 3" × 5"); standard 35 mm film is replaced by film a quarter the size. Instead of rolls as hard to load as child-proof bottles of aspirin are to open, the negatives come on a snap-in palm-size disc that costs $3.19 for fifteen exposures. Disc cameras range in price from $70 to $150. Equipped with a digital alarm clock, the deluxe 8000 includes a built-in flash, good for at least 2,000 exposures, that's totally automatic—you don't have to decide whether you need it or not. Automatically focusing subjects from eighteen inches to infinity, the camera is about as complicated as a TV dinner. And, there's great news for the gang at the lab: dunked in a vat and spun-dry at 2,000 rpm, your film is ready for enlargement in six and a half minutes. If, for some circumstance beyond Kodak's control, you have a less-than-perfect shot, the developer will analyze an enlarged version of your problem picture on a video monitor and encode the necessary corrections onto the negative. Rumors abound that Kodak's discs will soon drop into a Betamax-like apparatus allowing you to see your pictures on TV.

For even better photo funnies, be on the look-out for **Nimslo** from Timex. Those inventive folks who gave us the horror-resistant watch offer the $200 Nimslo with four side-by-side lenses that shoot the same subject. The images are then composed without migraine-inducing 3-D glasses. Even if 3-D Nimslo lasts as long as the mood ring or pet rock, yours will be a collector's item.

—Steven Maloff

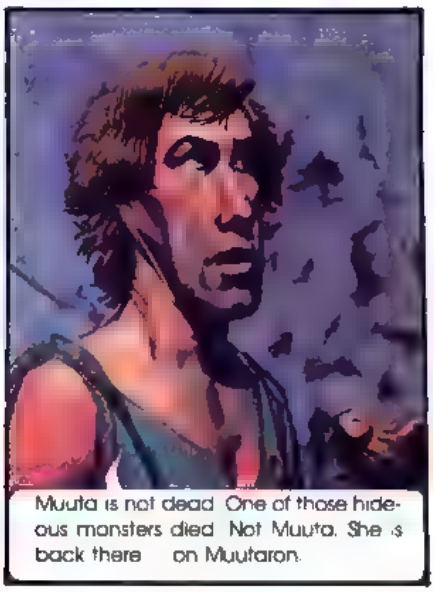

DEN II
GET OUT!
GET OUT!
ALL OF YOU,
GET OUT
When we last saw Tarn he was tricked into making love by the creature Jordel a, who had taken the form of Tarn s love, Muuta. After their lovemaking, the creature died, leaving poor Tarn sitting around wondering what was going to happen to him

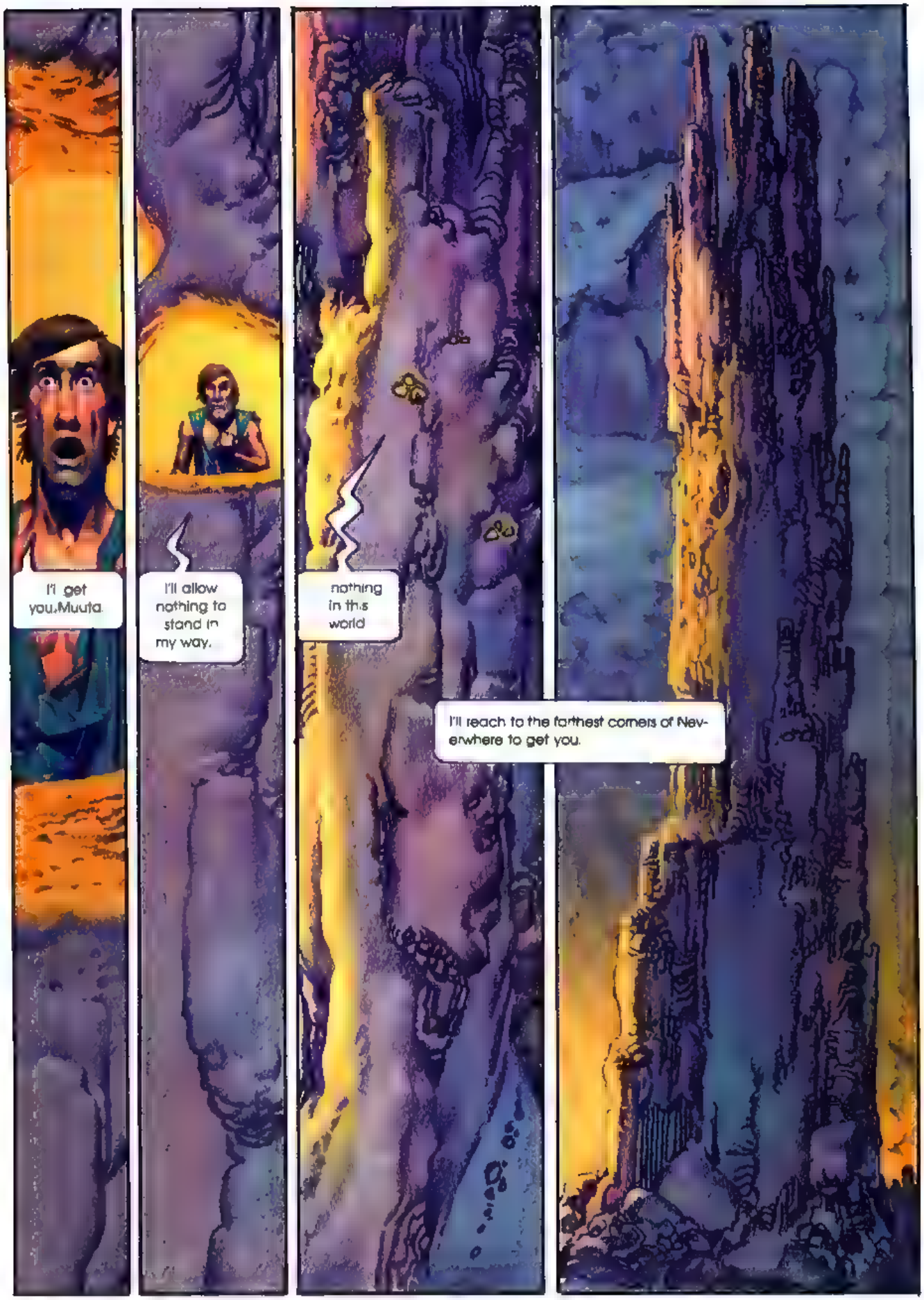
Come sweet oblivion.


DEATH! DEATH!
Die, you BASTARD!

What s the matter? I can't do it I feel paralyzed the moment the point touches. Some demon spirit is saving me for yet further degradation and torture.

Muuta


Muuta is not dead One of those hideous monsters died Not Muuta. She s back there on Muutaron.


I'l get you,Muuta.
I'll allow nothing to stand in my way.
nothing in this world
I'll reach to the farthest corners of Nev-erwhere to get you.

THOK
EEEYAAAUGH!
HOO
WHIP
GAAUUGH!
OOOOOOUUUMPH!

To Be Continued

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CHAIN MAIL

Gentlepersons

Rod Kierkegaard has created within the confines of your explicitly surrealist-fantasy magazine the best comic intellectual thought piece since Dan O'Neill's *Odd Bodkins* series of the late (great) sixties. His Swiftian humor shall surely triumph without bloody victory.

David W. Huffman
Houston, Tex.

Dear *Heavy Metal* Babies,

Rod Kierkegaard, Jr., is a fucking genius!

In respect and awe,
Will Carter
Athens, Ga.

Dear Heavies:

By the way, "Killer" Kierkegaard, Jr., I like the tired old "Rock Opera" best. I don't think "Emleda" quite makes it.

Eddie Presley, Jr.
Melbourne, Fla.

Dear Editorial Staff:

Woe be unto those who would treat our minds as literary and visual garbage disposers; offending our senses with your meaningless tirade! We the world-weary find your artistic fornication is childish chaos damned to eternal decay and pointlessness. It is a brilliant creation of a migraine headache with no hope for relief. Alas! Those that never became great found wealth in pornography; the only quest you realized. Your only answer for humanity is to propagate the species until someone somewhere can find out where the science part of science fiction comes in.

Grid Mansfield
Los Alamos, N. Mex.

Gub, gub, Grid. I think living too close to Ground Zero Country has gone to your head!—ls

Dear Sirs:

I find the caliber of your magazine has deteriorated considerably since I first started reading it a few years ago. The sophomoric editorial tone, the asinine inclusion of seemingly *any*thing that's hip for that particular month, and the overal shoddiness of the writing everywhere in the text make me somewhat embarrassed to admit I have a subscription. Your Mr.'s Stathis and Balfour are particularly blatant examples of this. While their intellectual posturings may be impressive to themselves (*Not to mention our mothers —ls*), I feel their talent could probably be better appreciated in the context of, let's say, a high school English class. If their "incisive" commentaries are meant in any way to represent the state of the art in rock or New Tech Age criticism, I sincerely fear for both movements.

Overall, however, it's the self-congratulatory and nipper-than-thou attitude of your magazine that I find obnoxious. Your constant playing to the galleries in the guise of being sort of New Wave intellectuals or something, is an hypocrisy I just can't stomach. I think we both realize that you are business people first and foremost, and what matters most to you is what's printed at the bottom line of your quarterly reports. Why, then, this song and dance each month about your sterling artistic integrity or your desire to break new ground, or your constant (and empty) insistence about your easy relationship with the avant-garde? I'm sure if conservative politics were suddenly "in," you'd shortly be seen outdoing the *U.S. News and World Report*.

Thomas DeJesu
Denver, Colo.

You bet. Screw this unprofitable avant-garde shit. What we really *want is to castrate dissidents, subjugate Third Worlders, and censor everything except monstrous mammaries and brainless barbarians. What a great magazine this would be. Get my crewcut out of mothballs Friday.—ls*

Dear *HM*

Lowest regards to the tasteless opinions of Michael E. Iaccao (Chain Mail, March '82). Anyone who can't appreciate the brilliant "Immortals' Fete" must have his taste buds in the wrong end of their anatomy. Wake up and realize that Enki Bilal is a very talented Genius!

P. S. Barr
Kenova, Ontario

Our Editor also reports that Mr. Bilal, besides being an adept artist, is cute as a button.—ls

Dear People:

"Grotesque art . . . wretched coloring?" What do you want, Mr. M. E. Iacca of Bloomfield, N.J., cute, realistically etched rabbits? Bilal's "Immortals' Fete" displayed a style just short of being pure genius.

Richard MacKinnon
Dept. of Humanities
McMaster University
Hamilton, Ontario

To Whom:

All you guys out in magazine land quit bitching about artists and story lines! It seems like every issue there's some critic that feels like an editor died and left him in charge. If you don't like what's on the TV, just change the channel! I think you'd be happier watching "Laverne and Shirley" anyway—matches your intelligence better. If you don't like the magazine, leave it on the shelf just as you would leave an art gallery if you didn't care for its contents.

Robert Walsmith
Bozeman, Mont.

I didn't make this letter up, I swear—ls

Dear People-in-Charge:

Kudos and questions for the new year. Kudos for Shakespeare for Americans, Rock Opera, and for keeping Lou Stathis and his column. Questions about more material from Druillet (*Most certainly —ls*) and more work from Matt Howarth about the Post Brothers (*Doubtful —ls*). And why you continue to print that terrible Jeff Jones strip is beyond comprehension; it's poorly drawn and written and takes up space better used for something else. Still and all, I wish you all the best.

Walter E. Rittenhouse
Levittown, Pa.

Dear Editors:

What's this? After the extraterrestrial editorial communiques of Sean Kelly (1977-79), the intimate "inside *HM*" reader rapport of Ted White (1980), and Brad Balfour's Tofflerspeak (1981), has *HM* now spawned a new 1982 form of *visual* editorials with the January Lou Stathis/Steve Stiles "Walkman Terror Tales"? This collaboration might have been lost in *HM*'s big sister, *National Lampoon*, but it gleams in *HM* like a crystal skull in the South American jungle. This Kurtzmanesque half pager capturing the quintessence of 1954 *Mad* more than any satire of the past twenty-eight years, is as perfect and right for *HM* as a four page die-cut Kinuko Y. Craft illustration is for *Playboy*. It not only serves as an up-to-the-minute "editorial cartoon," more palatable than the Tofflertalk, but it indicates why *HM* should be devoting *more* space to certain American artists. Idiosyncratic talents such as Stiles, George Metzger, and Mark Fisher should be cultivated by *HM*, not forgotten, sloughed over, or misused.

Bhob
Somerville, Mass.

Editors:

I like stories that have a plot, are well drawn, and don't make you spend half your reading time trying to figure out what the H. is going on. *HM* has been pretty disappointing lately, and if things don't improve, I'm going to let my subscription run out—as soon as I find out what happens to John DiFool.

Subscriber #069A060A14

Well, 069—do you mind if I call you that for short?—we feel there's nothing wrong with letting our readers think a bit while they read —ls

COMING NEXT ISSUE

It's a hard and fast theory that science fiction and fantasy just ain't funny. "Au contraire," as our French brothers would say, 'cause in the August issue of *Heavy Metal* we disprove this age-old belief with a special section chock full o' very funny material.

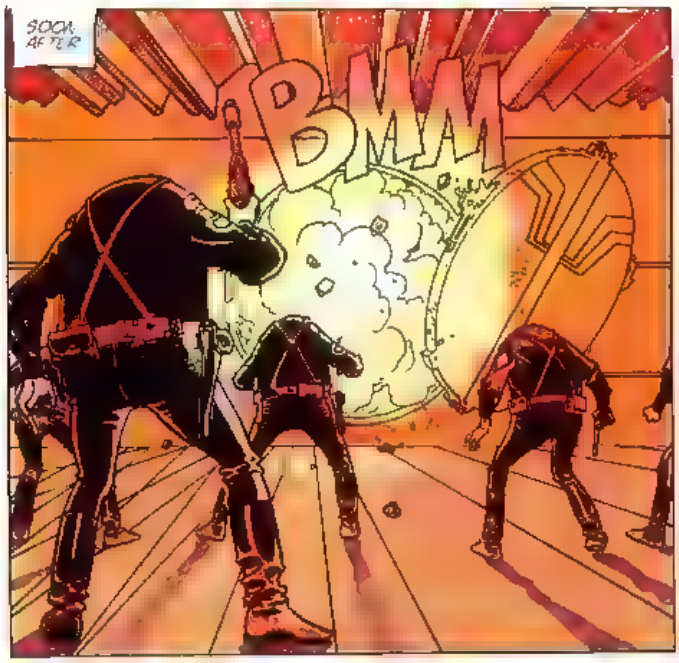
Plus: **Berni Wrightson's** "Freak Show" premieres!

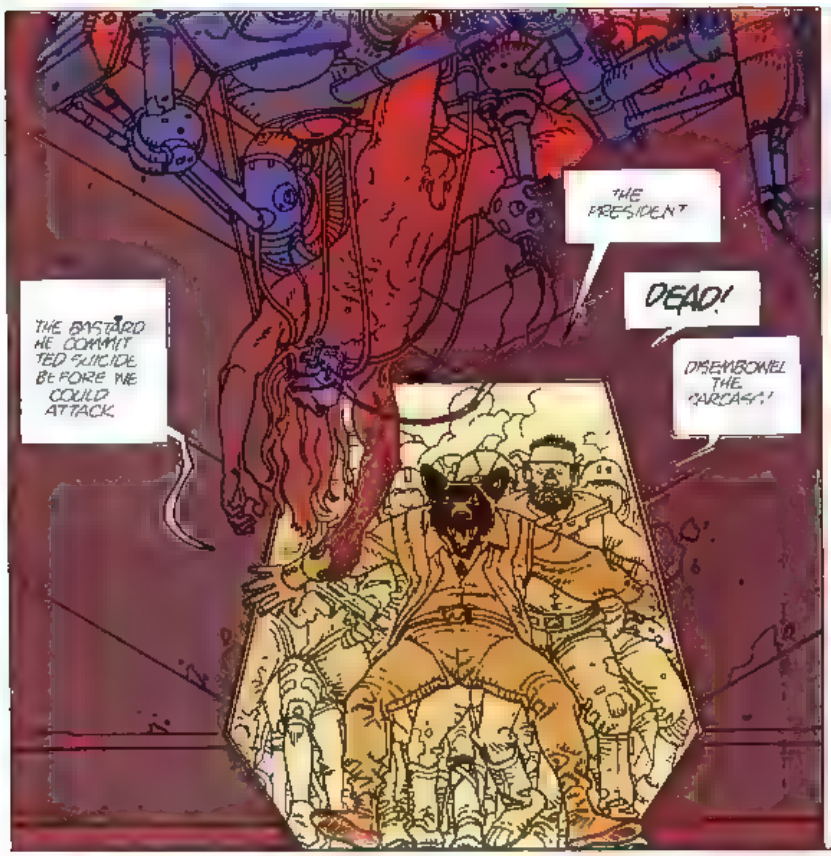
THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JOHN DIFOOL

BY ALEXANDRO JODOROWSKY AND MOEBIUS
COLORED BY YVES CHALAND

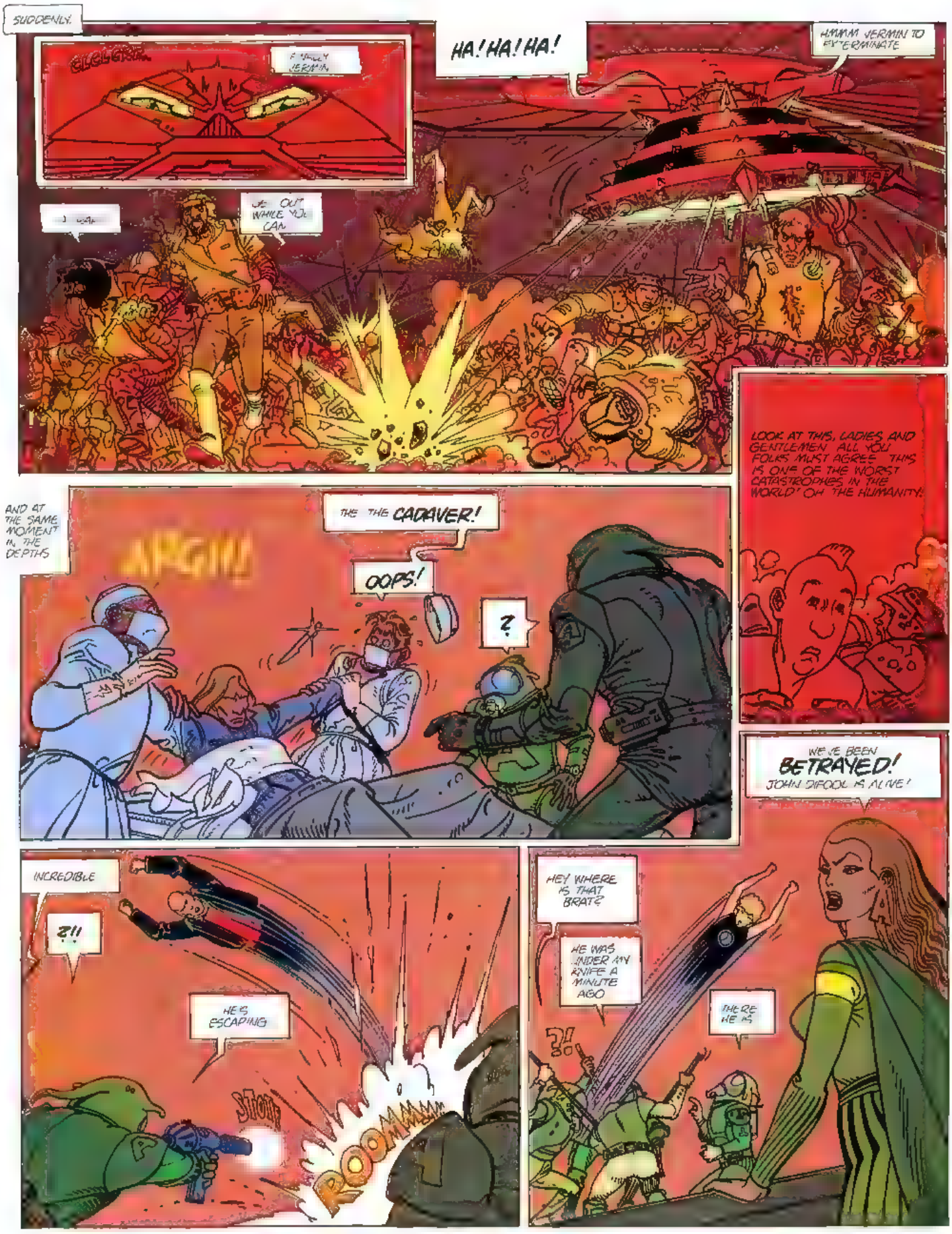
THE INCAL LIGHT

AS WE SAW JOHN DIFOOL WAS RUNNING AWAY FROM THE EMPERORA'RIX AND ITS HENCHMEN WITH LORSA DIFFICULTY WE MUST ADD

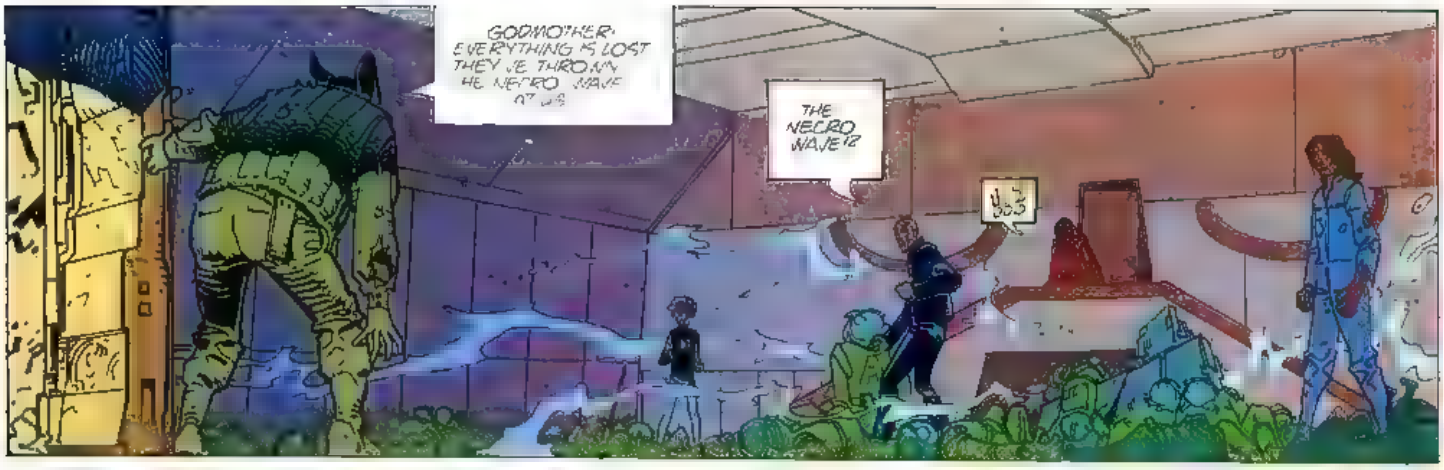


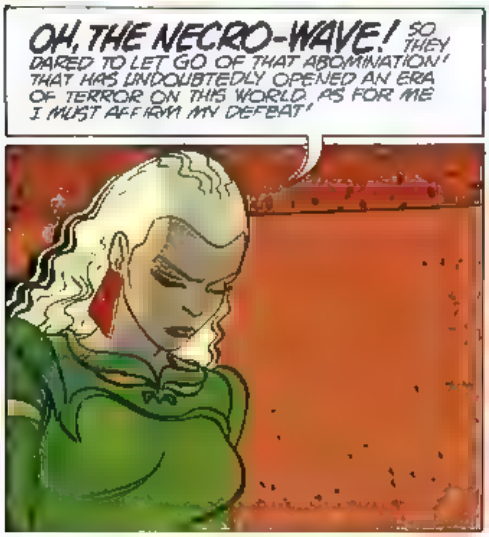


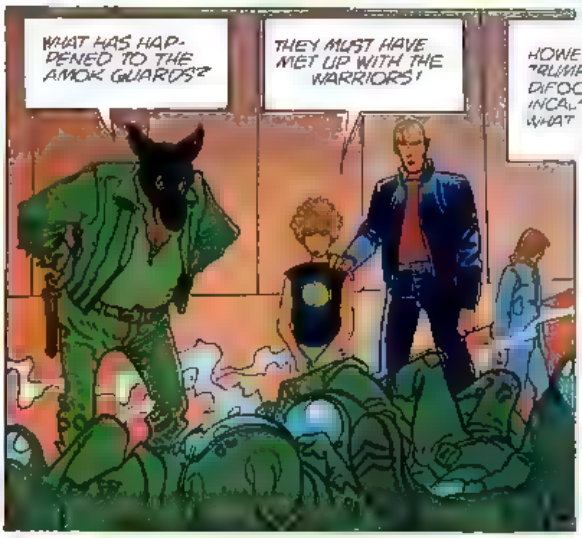
HERE WE ARE DEAR TELE-ADDICTS- YOU LUCKY STIFFS ALL SNUG IN YOUR COMFIES- TUNED TO A TRUE MOMENT OF CINEMA VERITE DOKHEAD'S NOSE IS PICKING IN ALL DIRECTIONS, OH FOR THE HINT, YOU MIGHT SAY OH WHAT A TANGLED WEB WE WEAVE


SUDDENLY.
GLGLGLGL
FINALLY JERKIN
HA! HA! HA!
HMMM VERMIN TO EXTERMINATE
I WAS
GET OUT WHILE YOU CAN
LOOK AT THIS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ALL YOU FOLKS MUST AGREE THIS IS ONE OF THE WORST CATASTROPHES IN THE WORLD! OH THE HUMANITY!
AND AT THE SAME MOMENT IN THE DEPTHS
ARGH!
THE THE CADAVER!
OOPS!
?
WE'VE BEEN BETRAYED! JOHN DIFOOL IS ALIVE!
INCREDIBLE
?!!
HE'S ESCAPING
STOP
ROOMMMM
HEY WHERE IS THAT BRAT?
HE WAS UNDER MY KNIFE A MINUTE AGO
THERE HE IS
?!

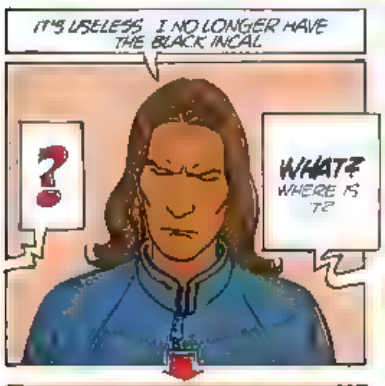
EXTERMINATE THEM!
ALL THE EXITS ARE BLOCKED! THEY CAN'T POSSIBLY ESCAPE!
DIFOOL: THE MOMENT HAS COME TO PROVE THAT THE INCAL HAS INDEED TRANSFERRED YOUR BIO-SYSTEM
BUT, FATHER WHAT CAN WE DO AGAINST SUCH A MULTITUDE?
WE CAN FIGHT, AND PERHAPS CONQUER!
PERHAPS
KILL! KILL!
I HAVE ALREADY TERMINATED MORE THAN 50 000 TRION ONLY ONE OF THE REBELS WILL BE LEFT ALIVE THAT I MAKE ARL OF THE INCAL DOWN BELOW HEHAH A AFTER ALL THAT MY BODY OF MINE DOESN'T TOTAL
HOWEVER
GODMOTHER! GODMOTHER!
40

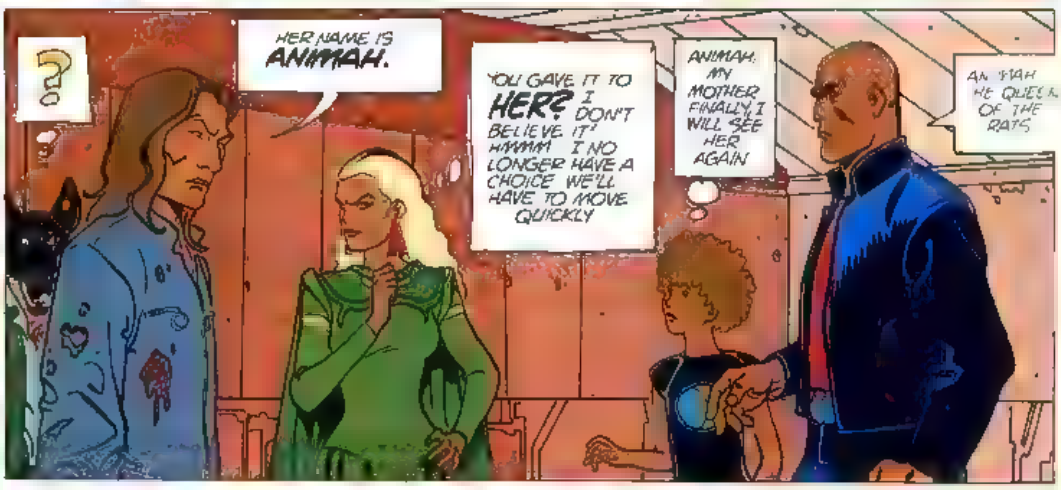

GODMOTHER! EVERYTHING IS LOST THEY'VE THROWN THE NECRO WAVE AT US
THE NECRO WAVE!?
YES?


OH, THE NECRO-WAVE! SO THEY DARED TO LET GO OF THAT ABOMINATION! THAT HAS UNDOUBTEDLY OPENED AN ERA OF TERROR ON THIS WORLD. AS FOR ME I MUST AFFIRM MY DEFEAT!

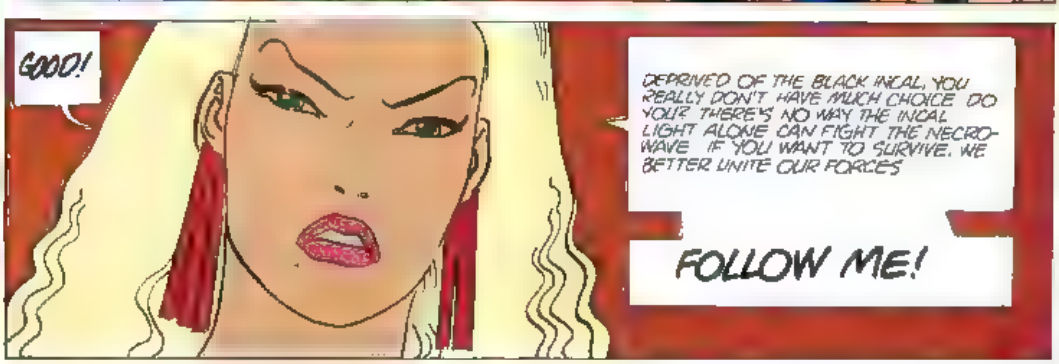

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE AMOK GUARDS?
THEY MUST HAVE MET UP WITH THE WARRIORS!

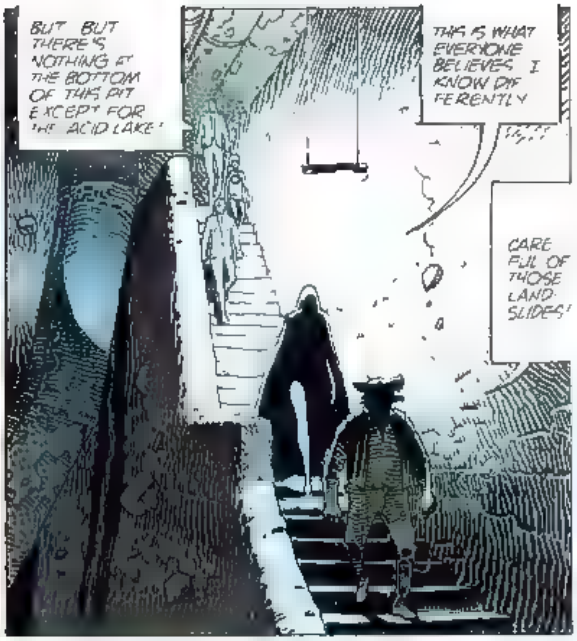
HOWEVER WE STILL HAVE ONE MORE TRUMP CARD AND THAT IS YOU JOHN DAFOOL IN PRINCIPLE YOU HAVE TWO INCALS IN YOUR POSSESSION. HERE'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DO

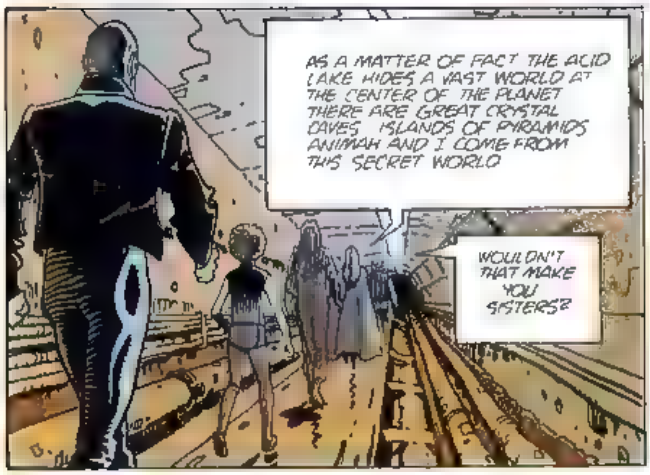

IT'S USELESS I NO LONGER HAVE THE BLACK INCAL
?
WHAT? WHERE IS IT?

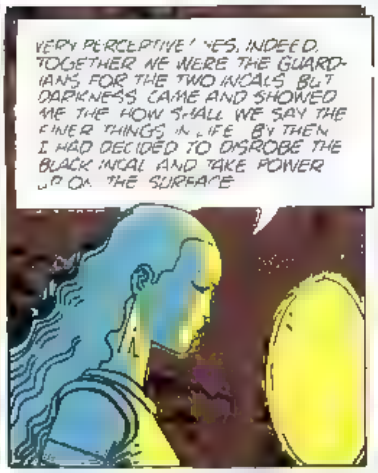

?
HER NAME IS ANIMAH.
YOU GAVE IT TO HER? I DON'T BELIEVE IT! HMMM I NO LONGER HAVE A CHOICE WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE QUICKLY
ANIMAH. MY MOTHER FINALLY I WILL SEE HER AGAIN
AN IMAH THE QUEEN OF THE RATS

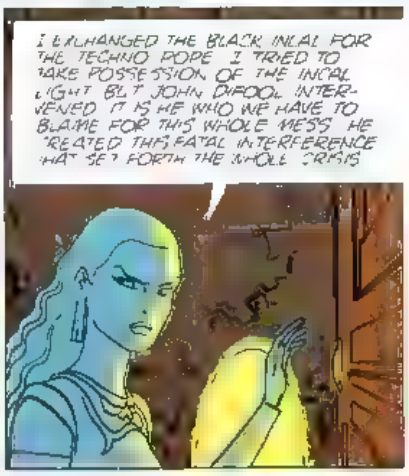
I GAVE IT TO A WOMAN!!
YOU GAVE IT TO A WOMAN? WHO?
?
?
?

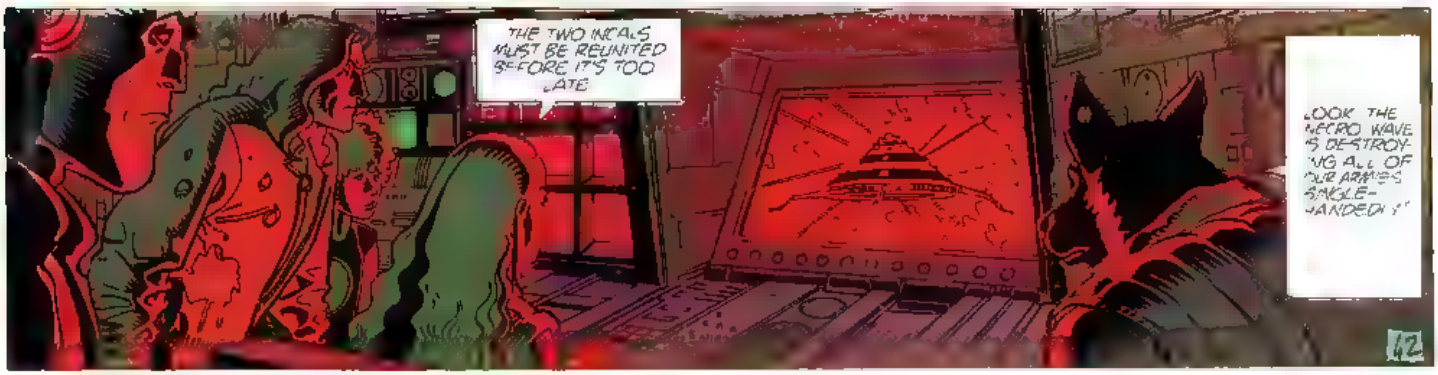

GOOD!
DEPRIVED OF THE BLACK INCAL, YOU REALLY DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE DO YOU? THERE'S NO WAY THE INCAL LIGHT ALONE CAN FIGHT THE NECRO-WAVE IF YOU WANT TO SURVIVE. WE BETTER UNITE OUR FORCES
FOLLOW ME!


BUT BUT THERE'S NOTHING AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS PIT EXCEPT FOR THE ACID LAKE!
THIS IS WHAT EVERYONE BELIEVES. I KNOW DIFFERENTLY
CARE FUL OF THOSE LAND SLIDES!


AS A MATTER OF FACT THE ACID LAKE HIDES A VAST WORLD AT THE CENTER OF THE PLANET THERE ARE GREAT CRYSTAL CAVES, ISLANDS OF PYRAMIDS ANIMAH AND I COME FROM THIS SECRET WORLD
WOULDN'T THAT MAKE YOU SISTERS?

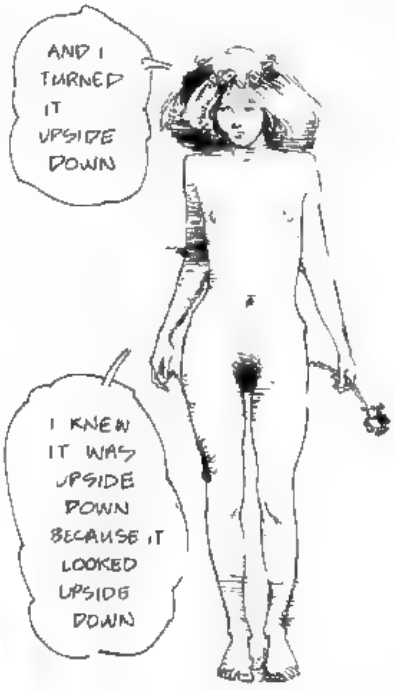

VERY PERCEPTIVE! YES, INDEED. TOGETHER WE WERE THE GUARDIANS FOR THE TWO INCALS BUT DARKNESS CAME AND SHOWED ME THE HOW SHALL WE SAY THE FINER THINGS IN LIFE. BY THEN I HAD DECIDED TO DISROBE THE BLACK INCAL AND TAKE POWER UP ON THE SURFACE

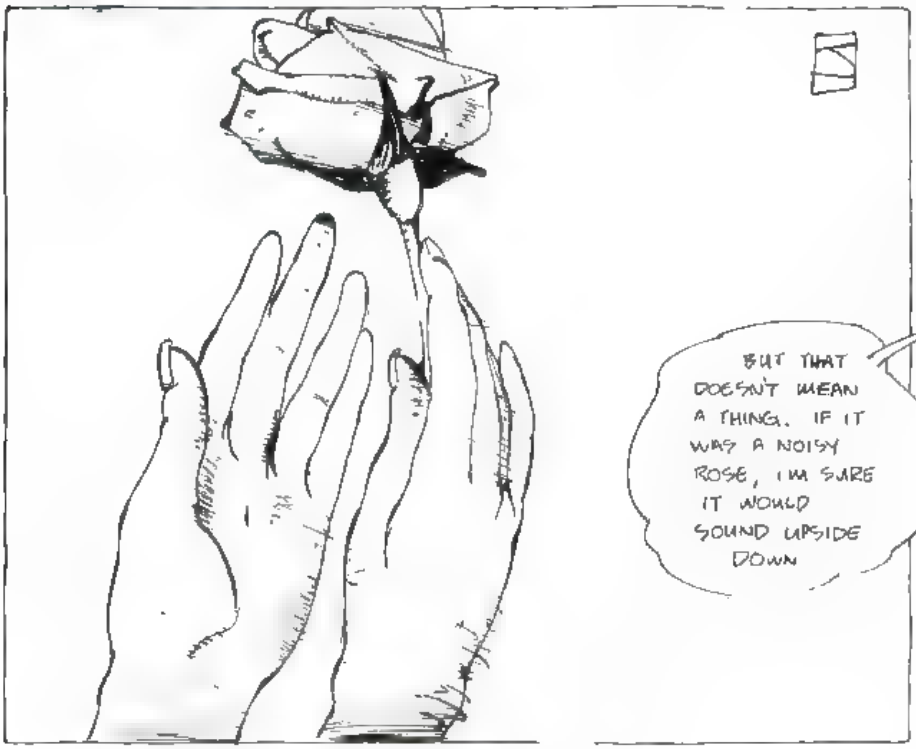

I EXCHANGED THE BLACK INCAL FOR THE TECHNO POPE. I TRIED TO TAKE POSSESSION OF THE INCAL RIGHT BUT JOHN DIFOOL INTERVENED. IT IS HE WHO WE HAVE TO BLAME FOR THIS WHOLE MESS. HE CREATED THIS FATAL INTERFERENCE THAT SET FORTH THE WHOLE CRISIS

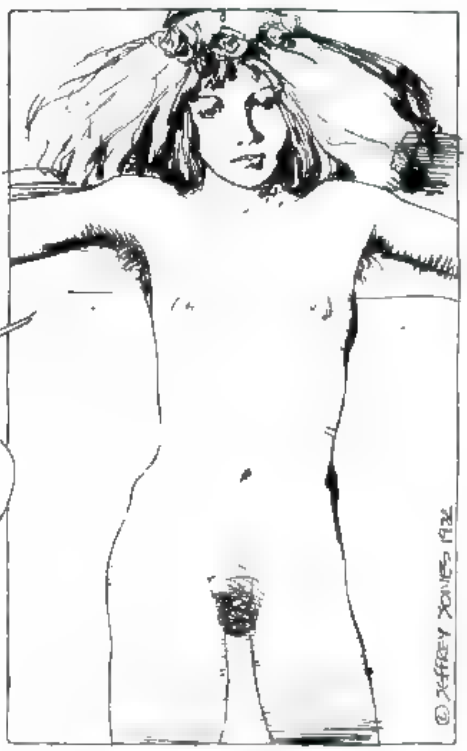


TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE

I'M AGE







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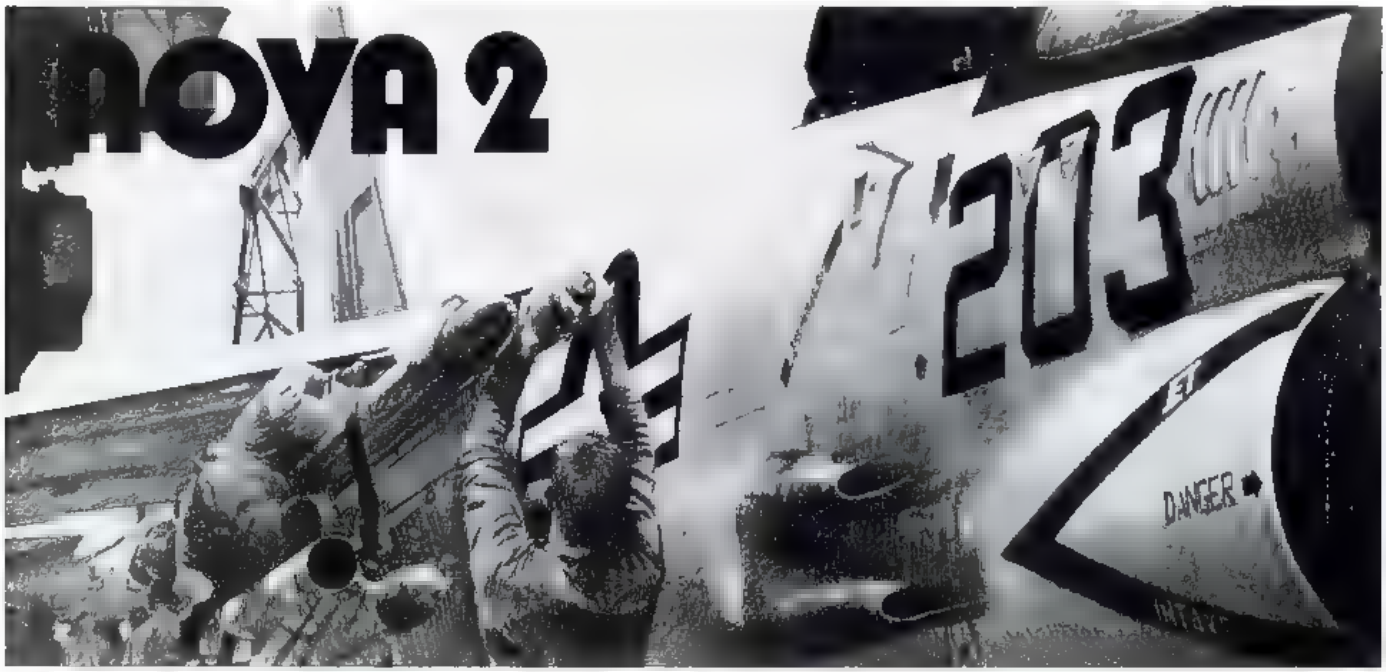
IT'S BEEN REPORTED THAT RADIATION FROM THE NOVA 2 METEORITE HAS CAUSED STRANGE PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECTS ON THE NOMADIC TRIBESMEN IN THE SURROUNDING DESERT, EFFECTS IDENTIFIABLE AS SUDDEN ERUPTIONS OF THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND INTO THE CONSCIOUS



RENOWNED RESEARCHER CARLO FRABETTI, WHO ADVANCED SOME INTERESTING THEORIES ABOUT THE EFFECTS OF SMALL DOSES OF HALLUCINOGENS ON THE BRAIN IN HIS ESSAY "PHYSICS AND FREEDOM," HAS SUGGESTED THAT THE METEORITE'S RADIOACTIVE EMISSIONS ACT ON SPECIFIC MICRO-PHYSICAL CONTROL MECHANISMS OF THE CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM

WEAKENING THE CONSCIOUS MIND'S METHODS OF REPRESSING IMPULSES ARISING IN THE SUPEREGO

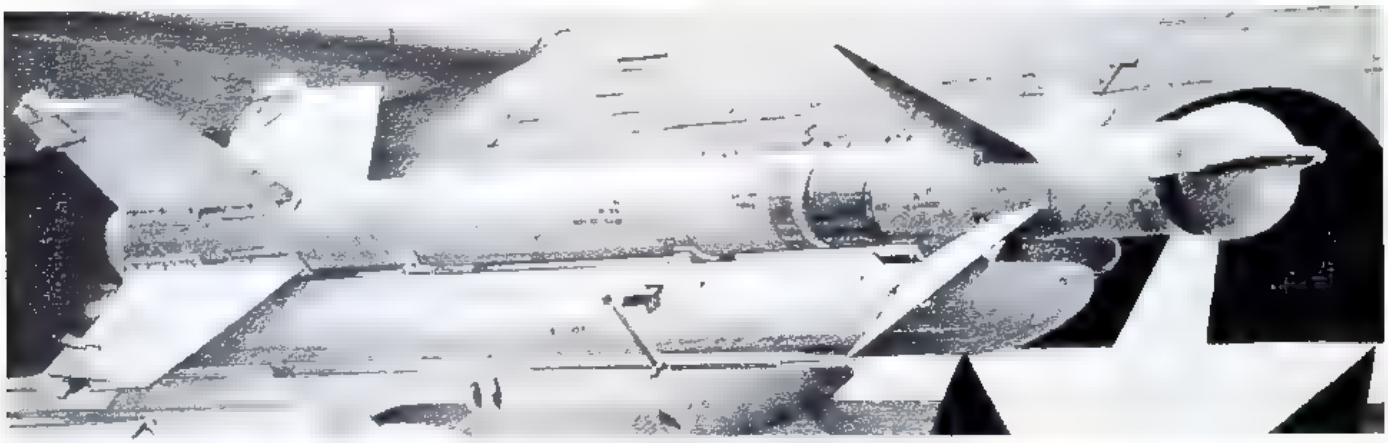
IN OTHER WORDS, THIS MEANS THAT AN INDIVIDUAL EXPOSED TO THE RADIATION WILL GIVE FREE REIGN—AS OFTEN HAPPENS AFTER TAKING LSD—TO TENDENCIES AND FEELINGS USUALLY REPRESSED BY THE CONSCIOUS MIND

ALTHOUGH THERE IS NO CONCLUSIVE PROOF, IT IS FEARED THAT THE THREE EXPEDITION MEMBERS OF THE FIRST PHASE OF NOVA 2 WERE CAPTURED OR KILLED BY SOME OF THE TRIBESMEN AFFECTED BY THE METEORITE—WHO AS A GROUP ARE ALREADY DANGEROUS RELIGIOUS FANATICS

THIS IS THE OASIS, NEAR WHICH THE METEORITE FELL AND THE LAST PLACE THAT ANYTHING WAS HEARD FROM THE THREE EXPEDITION MEMBERS

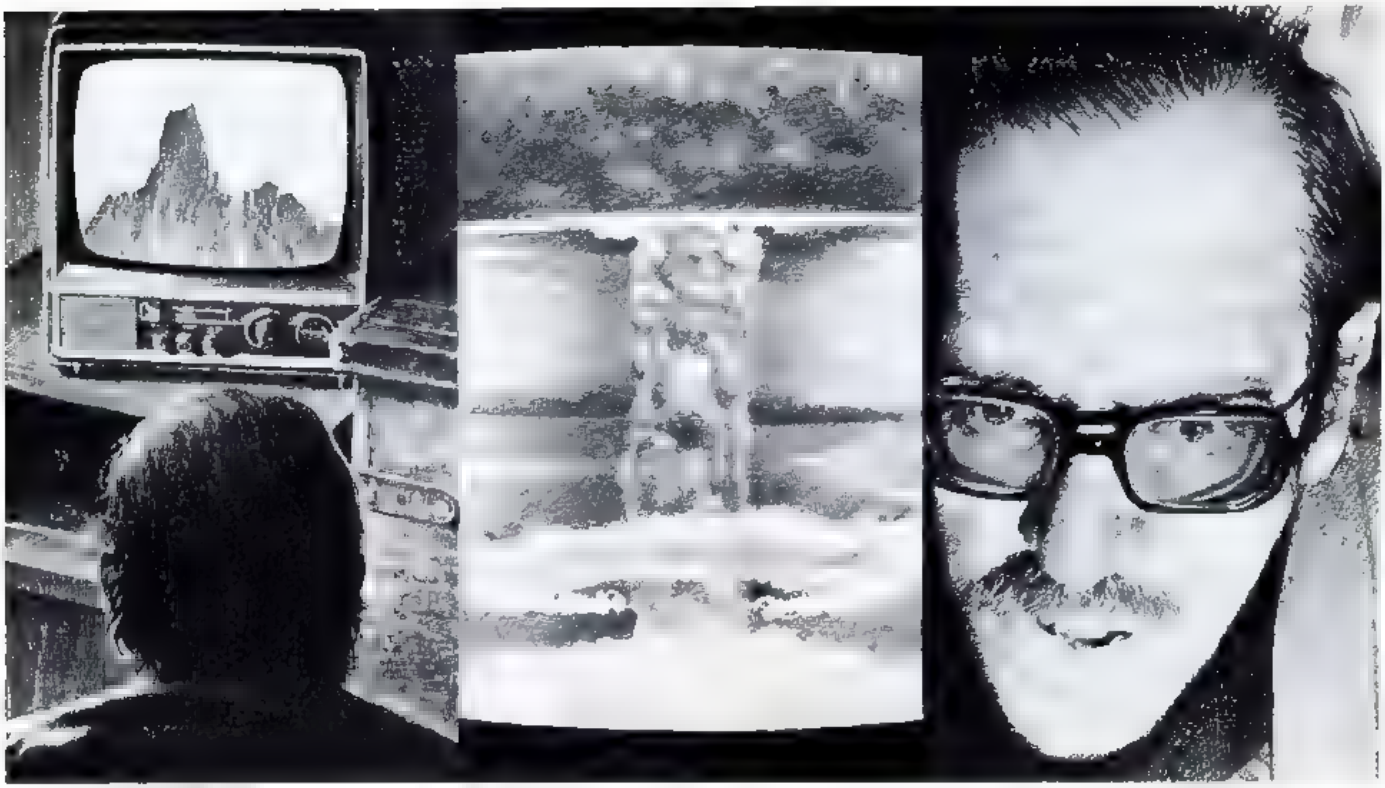
AND THIS IS THE WRECKAGE OF THE RECONNAISSANCE AIRCRAFT TRAGICALLY DESTROYED AFTER IT WAS SENT TO DETERMINE THE NATURE OF THE METEORITE DURING THE NOVA 2 MISSION. REPORTEDLY, THE PLANE'S PILOT RECEIVED AN INTENSE DOSE OF RADIATION DUE TO HIS PROXIMITY TO THE METEORITE. HE FELL INTO A TRANCE AND COMPLETELY LOST CONTROL OF HIS JET

THE SECOND PHASE OF THE NOVA 2 MISSION CONSISTED OF DESTROYING THE METEORITE WITH A TACTICAL MISSILE, ARMED WITH A NUCLEAR WARHEAD THAT WAS INTENDED TO ELIMINATE THE DANGEROUS RADIATION



THE MISSILE WAS FIRED FROM A DISTANCE OF TEN KILOMETERS, AND PINPOINTED AT THE TARGET WITH AS MUCH ACCURACY AS WAS ACHIEVABLE

THE RESULTING EXPLOSION WAS FAR MORE INTENSE THAN ANYONE HAD FORESEEN PROBABLY ATTRIBUTABLE TO THE STRANGE NATURE OF THE METEORITE THIS, ALONG WITH THE STRONG WINDS TYPICAL OF THE REGION, CONTRIBUTED TO THE DISPERSAL OF THE PULVERIZED METEORITE PARTICLES OVER AN AREA OF MILLIONS OF SQUARE KILOMETERS, COVERING NORTHERN AFRICA AND PARTS OF SOUTHERN EUROPE



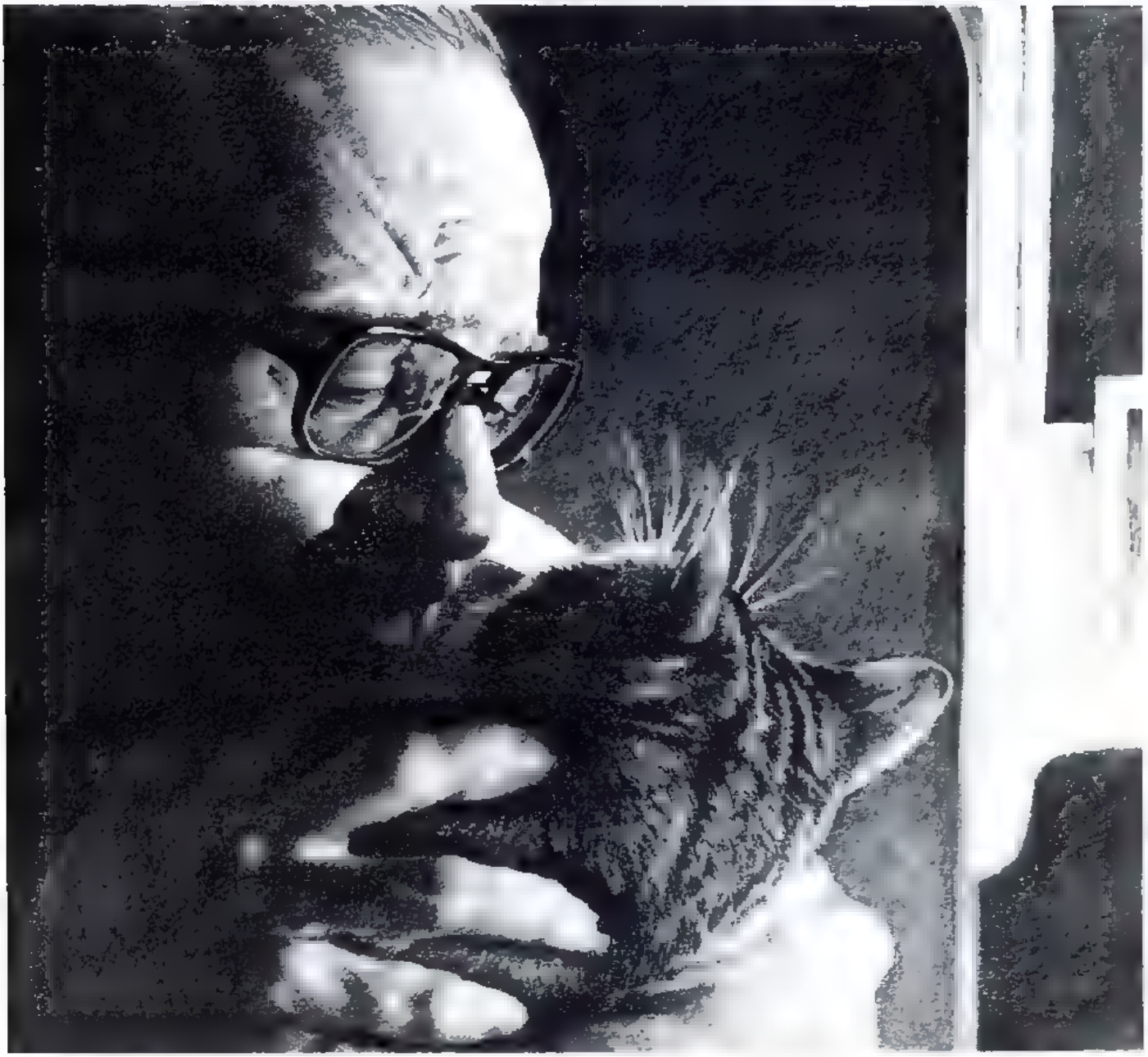
IT'S BEEN VERIFIED THAT THESE PARTICLES REMAIN SUSPENDED IN THE A.R. AND WHEN ABSORBED INTO THE RESPIRATORY SYSTEM OF A HUMAN BEING, THEY CAUSE SUCH SYMPTOMS AS INFANTILISM, AUTISM, MYSTICISM, HALLUCINATIONS, AND EVEN EPISODES OF APPARENT INSANITY DUE TO THE RELEASE OF THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND'S THOUGHTS THAT WE DETAILED EARLIER. NEVERTHELESS, THE PREVAILING OPINION OF THE AUTHORITIES IS THAT THERE IS NOTHING AT ALL TO BE ALARMED ABOUT

"HAVEN'T YOU FELT IN THE NIGHT,/ WHEN SHADOWS RULE, A DEAFENING VOICE THAT SINGS,/ AND AN IMMENSE SADNESS THAT CRIES?"

"DON'T YOU HEAR IN YOUR VIRGIN EARS,/ THE SILENT SIGHS AND TRAGIC TONES,/ THAT MY FINGERS OF DEATH PLAY/ ON THIS MEDIEVAL HARP? / DIDN'T YOU FEEL A TEAR OF MINE,/ SLIP SADLY INTO YOUR MOUTH?/ NOR DID YOU FEEL MY HAND OF ICE/ STRETCH OUT TOWARD YOURS OF ROSE? / DON'T YOU SEE IN YOUR DREAMS,/ A SHADOW WANDERING THROUGH THE AIR,/ DIDN'T YOU FEEL A KISS ON YOUR LIPS,/ EXPLODE MYSTERIOUSLY IN YOUR BEDCHAMBER?"

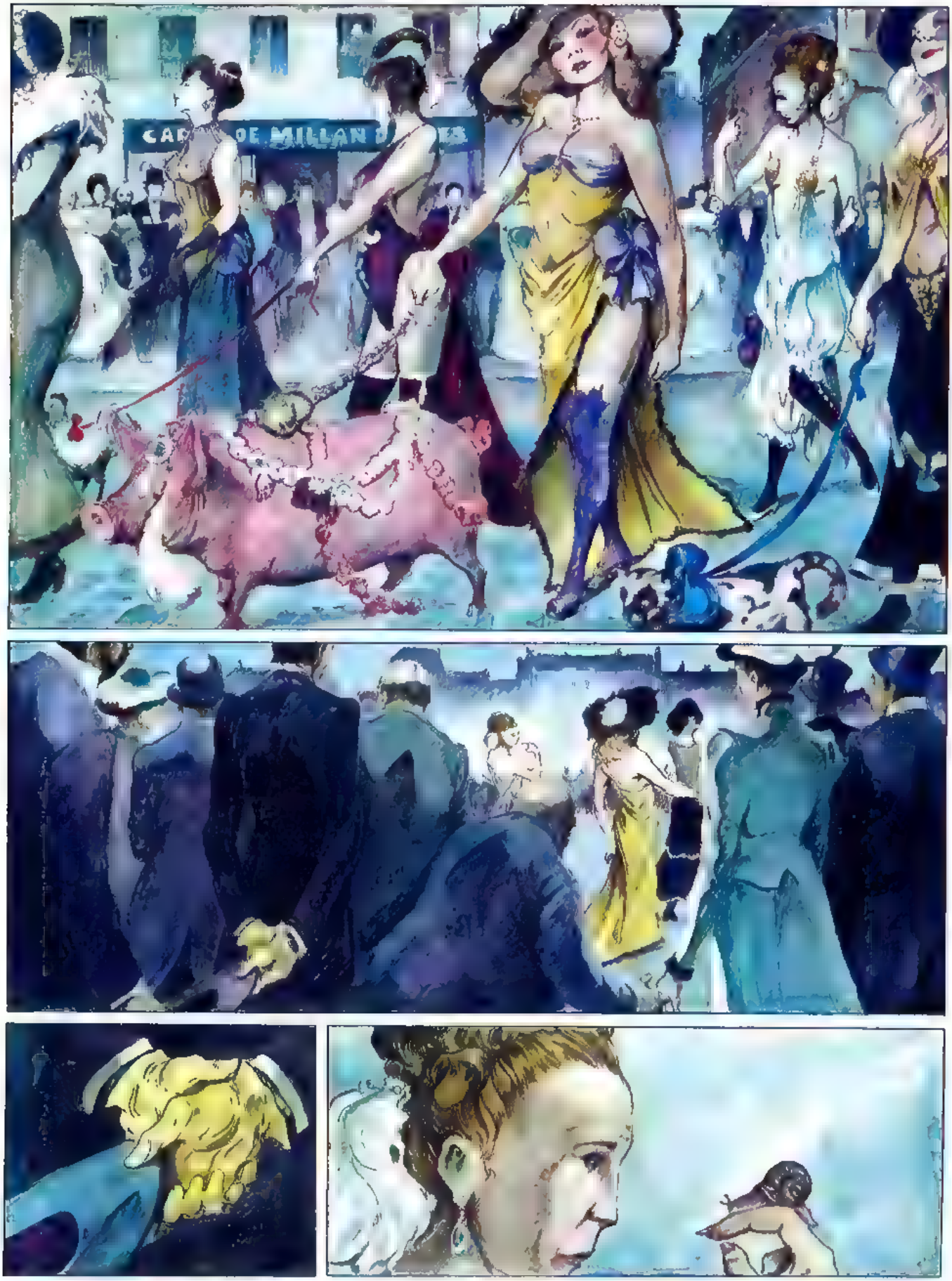
"SO I SWEAR BY YOU, MY LIFE, / THAT I SAW YOU AFRAID IN MY ARMS."

[illegible] YOUR BREATH OF JASMINE AND CLOVER AND YOUR MOUTH PRESSED AGAINST MINE."



THE END.

Life at the Circus



REPENT NOW, FOR THE KINGDOM OF THE HEAVENS IS UPON US!
WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO NONE OF THAT MUMBO JUMBO WILL HELP US OUT. WE ARE ALL SHAMELESS SOULS!
YES, FOR SURE BUT SOULS TO ENRAPTURE
OH MADELEINE! IF ONLY I COULD HAVE A SON HE WOULD SAVE ME FROM MY SINFUL EXISTENCE
YES, I KNOW. BUT I AM DIFFERENT. I AM BUT A SNAIL
YOU MUST GET OUT AND MEET PEOPLE MEET SOMEONE SPECIAL YOU ARE ALL ALONE
BEING ALONE IS GOOD SOMETIMES - I AM NOT A MONSTER YOU KNOW.
NO. OF COURSE YOU'RE NOT MARIE YOU'RE JUST ALONE TOO OFTEN
YES. OF ALL OF US YOU ARE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL YET THE MOST LONELY. BUT PLEASE DON'T THINK OF YOURSELF AS BEING ODD - YOU'RE UNIQUE

WOULD YOU LIKE SOME TEA?
NO THANKS, I HAVE TO PUT MY MAKEUP ON I'M GOING TO STOP THEM DEAD THIS EVENING - I WANT THEM AND THEY'LL WANT ME
MMMM IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR IN YOUR WORK NOW?
WELL I DON'T KNOW I DON'T LIKE THEM CLAWING AT ME BUT I LIKE THE ADULATION AND THE ULTIMATE POWER I FEEL OVER THEM
COME SEE COME TASTE, COME DISCOVER COME AND FALL IN LOVE WITH LOVE! ALL BEAUTIFUL AND ALL DIFFERENT! COME KNOW THE UNKNOWN! ENTER PARADISE COME WARM YOURSELVES IN HELL'S FIRE COME DIE JUST TO BE REBORN!

HERE'S GILDA THE SPANYARD' SHE CAN WEAR OUT THREE ANDALUSIAN BULLS
SO! MEN-COME AND DARE YOU?? MEET UP WITH THE GREAT GILDA
YOU HAVE TO HAVE IT TO BE IN IT
HERE'S SUSAN THE LARGEST MOUTH IN THE WORLD WITH A TONGUE LIKE A SNAKE LIKE AN IN-SATIABLE REPTILE SHE'LL MAKE YOUR EYES WATER YES, SIR SUSAN WILL'
HERE'S ANN THE PURE FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE AFRAID'
AND SHE SPEAKS FINE LANGUAGES.

FEAST YOUR EYES ON URSULA THE POLICEWOMAN. SHE'LL PUNISH ALL YOU NAUGHTY BOYS. YOU GOT'R GOOFN GOOD FOR-NOTHINGS. YOU CHILDISH, IMPATIENT PIGS!
CUT !"
THIS IS AGNES THE INNOCENT. SHE'LL BRING TO LIFE THE OLD SHRIVELED ONES AND LENGTHEN THE LITTLE STUBBY ONES. SHE HAS THE HAND WHICH AWAKENS AND THE HAND THAT PUTS TO SLEEP
MEET THE INSEPARABLE TWINS. THE BEAUTIFUL SIAMESE CATS. THEY PROMISE DOUBLE ENTERTAINMENT BUT NOT FOR DOUBLE THE PRICE WHO DARES TO MAKE WAR WITH THESE PEACEFUL PLAYFUL PUSSYCATS?
WHO SHALL THE BED ELECT?
THE BED ELECTS A MAN WHO MIGHT OTHERWISE READ HIMSELF TO SLEEP

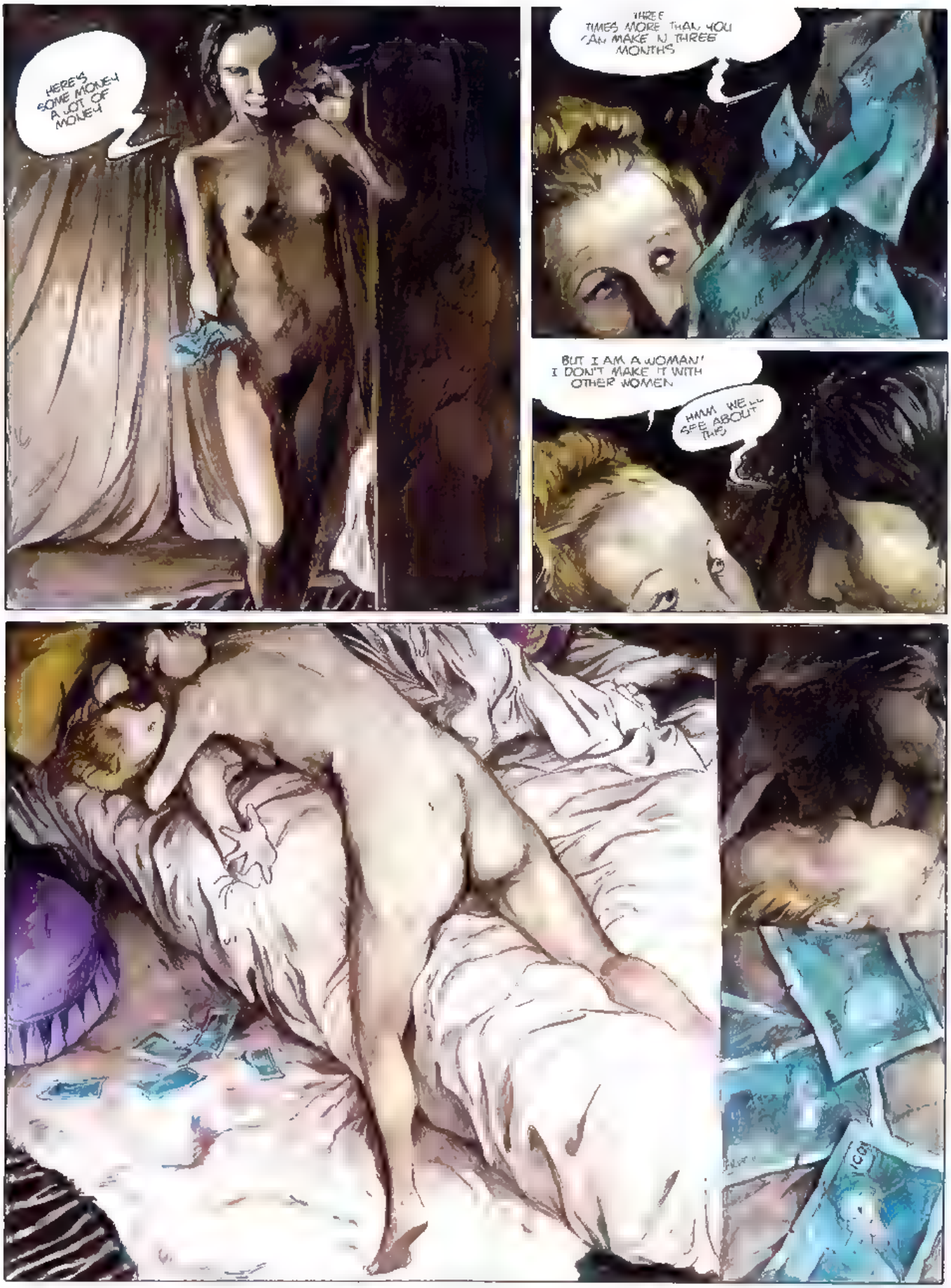
AND FOR YOU AMATEURS.. OR YOU OTHERWISE SHALL WE SAY, INEPT MEN. MEET MADELEINE!
A RUSSIAN PRINCE KILLED HIMSELF OVER HER THREE BANKERS WERE RUINED AFTER JUST ONE EVENING WITH HER
AH, BUT MADELEINE BELONGS TO EVERYONE!
FOR YOU, IF YOU'D LIKE.. OR FOR YOU! OR FOR YOU!
BEAUTIFUL OR UGLY YOUNG OR OLD. YOU HAVEN'T EXPERIENCED ANYTHING IF YOU HAVEN'T EXPERIENCED MADELEINE THE SINNER
AND LOOK AT THAT CROWN OF GOLD!

AND LAST BUT CERTAINLY NOT LEAST OUR STAR OUR MASTERPIECE WHO'S FAMOUS FROM CONTINENT TO CONTINENT
SHE'S UNIQUE SHE'S OBSCURE SHE'S ABSURD SHE'S OBSCENE SHE'S APHRODITE PERSONIFIED!
THE EVER VIRGINAL JEAN-MARIE!
THE HERMAPHRODITE
THIS IS TERRIBLE NOW TELL ME

MADELEINE IS A LIONESS THIS EVENING
SIR.
YES, YES THERE'S A CROWD IN FRONT OF HER LOGE
THANK YOU, MY PRINCE
A FEAST THAT SHALL NEVER BE EQUALED A FESTIVAL WITH NO LIVING RIVAL.

MARIE YOU ARE MOST BEAUTIFUL TO-NIGHT
OH GABRIEL YOU ARE SO GOOD TO ME
YOUR HIGHNESS
BUT YOU TOO, ARE NOT BE NO REALISTIC
BUT I AM A REAL MAN UNLIKE ANY OTHER YOU HAVE MET
I KNOW I KNOW I TOO AM MORE OF A WOMAN THAN ANY OF THESE FREAKS WILL EVER KNOW
BUT WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT THAT?
FROM WHOM ARE THE WORDS THAT HAVE ENTERED THIS TENT?

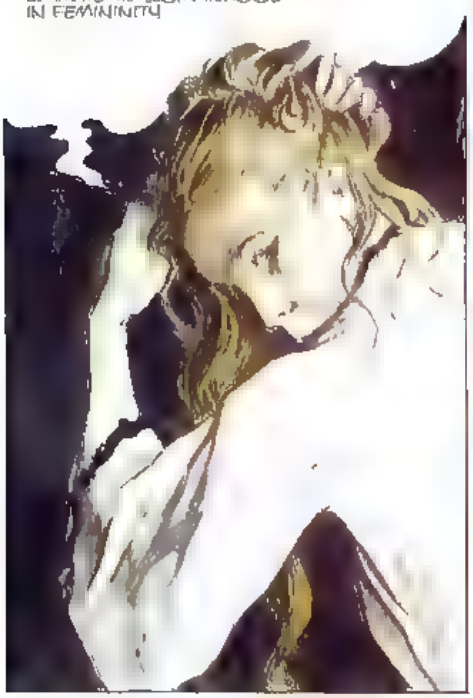
COME IN, COME IN, MY LORD!
BUT YOU ARE A WOMAN
?
YES, AND YOU? WHAT ARE YOU?


HERE'S SOME MONEY A LOT OF MONEY
THREE TIMES MORE THAN YOU CAN MAKE IN THREE MONTHS
BUT I AM A WOMAN! I DON'T MAKE IT WITH OTHER WOMEN
HMM WE'LL SEE ABOUT THIS
ICON

WHAT DID YOU THINK, MARIE? AM I WELCOMED BACK?
I AM VERY RICH. WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME WITH ME?
WHY DON'T YOU COME WITH ME, LEAVE THIS FROZEN WASTELAND OF LIFE. IT'S NOT FOR ONE AS FINE AS YOU.
BUT I AM A WOMAN! I WANT A MAN. AND A
AND A CHILD!
A CHILD! AND THIS IS THE KIND OF LIFE YOU WOULD BRING A CHILD INTO? HAH!

YOU WERE BORN IN THE NORTH WEREN'T YOU?
OH YES! THEY'RE HARD UP THERE THERE I HAD MEN AND ANIMALS AND BELIEVE ME MEN WHO WERE LIKE ANIMALS IT WAS ONLY RECENTLY THAT I BEGAN TO REALIZE HOW LONG I'VE BEEN AT THIS THIS GAME EVER SINCE I WAS A KID

YEAH IT WAS BASICALLY THE SAME KIND OF LIFE FOR ME THEY DRESSED ME LIKE A BOY FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER- YOU SEE MY FATHER DESPERATELY WANTED A BOY AND WHEN I CAME ALONG- WELL, I GUESS HE WAS A BIT DISAPPOINTED THEY WAITED FOR DAYS TO NAME ME JEAN-MARIE - THEY PROBABLY THOUGHT THAT IF THEY PRAYED LONG AND HARD ENOUGH I'D EVENTUALLY TURN INTO A BOY I RAN AWAY FROM THEM WHEN I WAS QUITE YOUNG I'VE ALWAYS ACTED AND FELT LIKE A WOMAN- OH HOW I WANT TO BE A MOTHER FOR ME, WELL THAT WOULD BE THE ULTIMATE IN WOMANHOOD IN FEMININITY

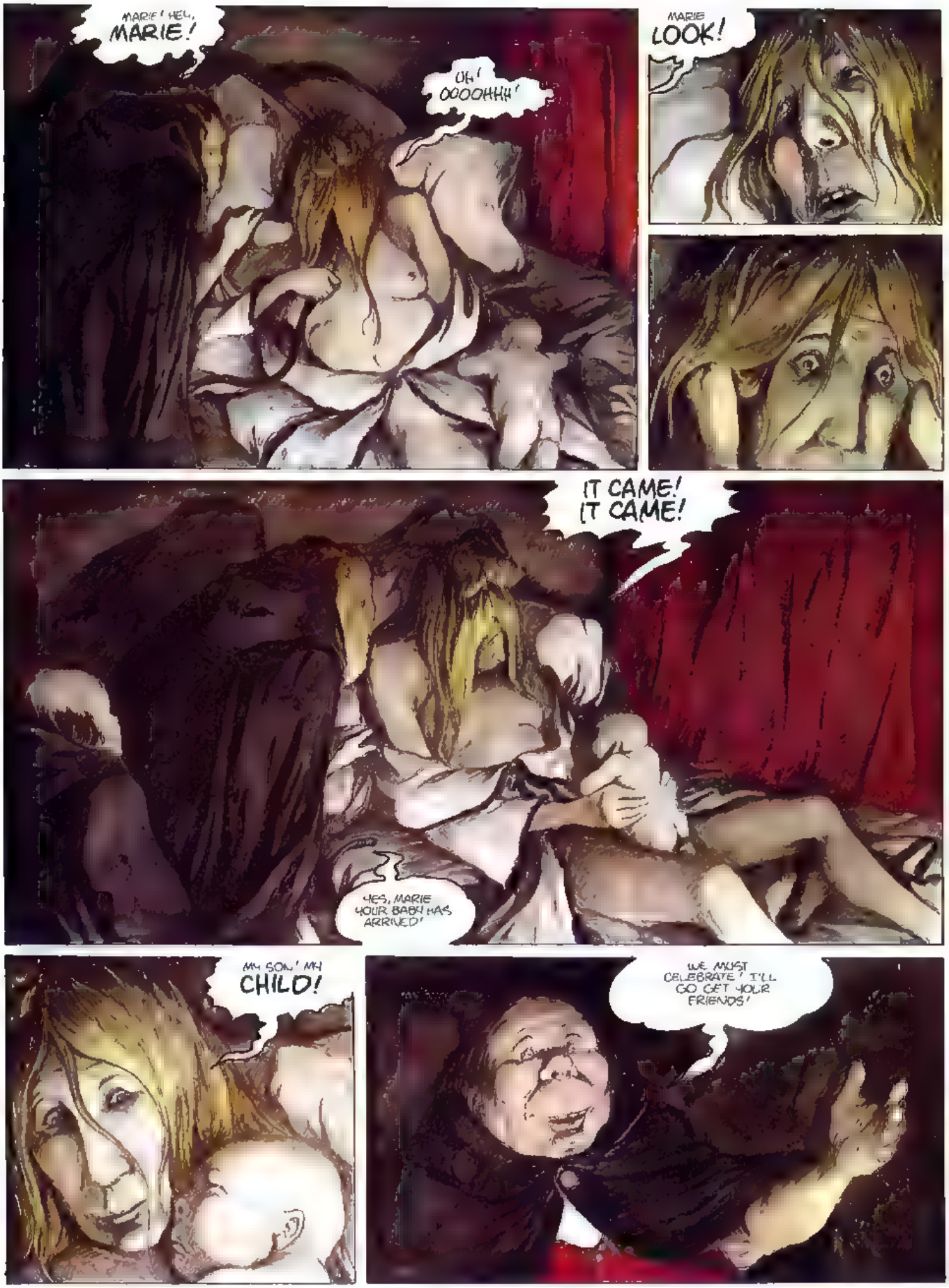


I REALLY NEED SOME STRONG COFFEE WOULD YOU HEAT UP THE WATER?
SURE IF YOU'D LIKE
I'VE HAD IT WITH THAT SOAP I'VE BEEN USING- IT MAKES MY SKIN BURN
DO YOU HAVE ANY PERFUME I CAN BORROW FOR THE TIME BEING? I THINK THEY CALL A PERFUME BATH A "WHORE'S BATH" FITTING, HUH?
HERE YOU GO A CLIENT GAVE IT TO ME HE LIKES TO PUT IT ALL OVER ME IN EXOTIC PLACES
BUT ISN'T THAT AGAINST THE RULES? NO GIFTS FROM OUR, HOW SHOULD I SAY ADMIRERS?
I DUNNO I THINK IT'S SWEET- YOU KNOW, THE FACT THAT THESE GUYS THINK ENOUGH OF US TO GIVE US A GIFT ONCE IN AWHILE
REMEMBER.. AN EVIL MAN IS WORTH MORE THAN A CARESSING WOMAN. BECAUSE ONE HUG, AND A WOMAN IS COVERED WITH DISGRACE AND SHAME FOR LIFE

MARIE...THE CARDS SAY THAT BEFORE YOU DIE YOU HAVE A CHILD
DON'T PLAY WITH ME GABRIEL!
NO, REALLY MARIE YOU WILL BE A MOTHER. BUT WILL ONLY HAVE SORROW ON IT. NO' THE SORROW IS LATER YOU WILL RECEIVE AND YOU WILL LOVE
WHAT ARE YOU JABBERING ON ABOUT, GABRIEL? DON'T TEASE ME LIKE THIS YOU KNOW I WANT NOTHING MORE THAN TO BE A MOTHER
I SPEAK THE TRUTH TAKE HEED TO WHAT I SAY. THESE DAYS PEOPLE SAY THE STERILE WOMEN THE GIRLS WHO HAVEN'T FED FROM THEIR BREASTS, NURTURED A NEWBORN CHILD, THEY SAY THEY ARE THE HAPPY ONES
AH POOR MARIE SHE SHOULD HAVE GONE TO THE ANGEL-MAKER, JUST AS I DID I DON'T NEED THE PRESENCE OF A CHILD TO KNOW THAT I WILL GO TO HEAVEN WHEN I DIE

LATER ONE NIGHT
MATERNITE
ARE YOU SURE NO ONE SAW YOU?
YES POSITIVE
LET ME SEE OH, HOW CUTE
DO YOU THINK SHE'S ASLEEP?
SHE WAS SMOKING WHEN I LEFT HER SHE SHOULD BE OUT LIKE A LIGHT BY NOW.
GOOD THAT WILL MAKE OUR TASK EASIER
AAAOOH! OOOH! AAAH!

OOH!EEE!
SHE'S DELIRIOUS THIS IS JUST THE RIGHT MOMENT
WELL, LET'S GET ON WITH IT
TAKE OFF THE BABY'S CLOTHES, GABRIEL


MARIE! HEY, MARIE!
OH! OOOOHHH!
MARIE LOOK!
IT CAME! IT CAME!
YES, MARIE YOUR BABY HAS ARRIVED!
MY SON! MY CHILD!
WE MUST CELEBRATE! I'LL GO GET YOUR FRIENDS!

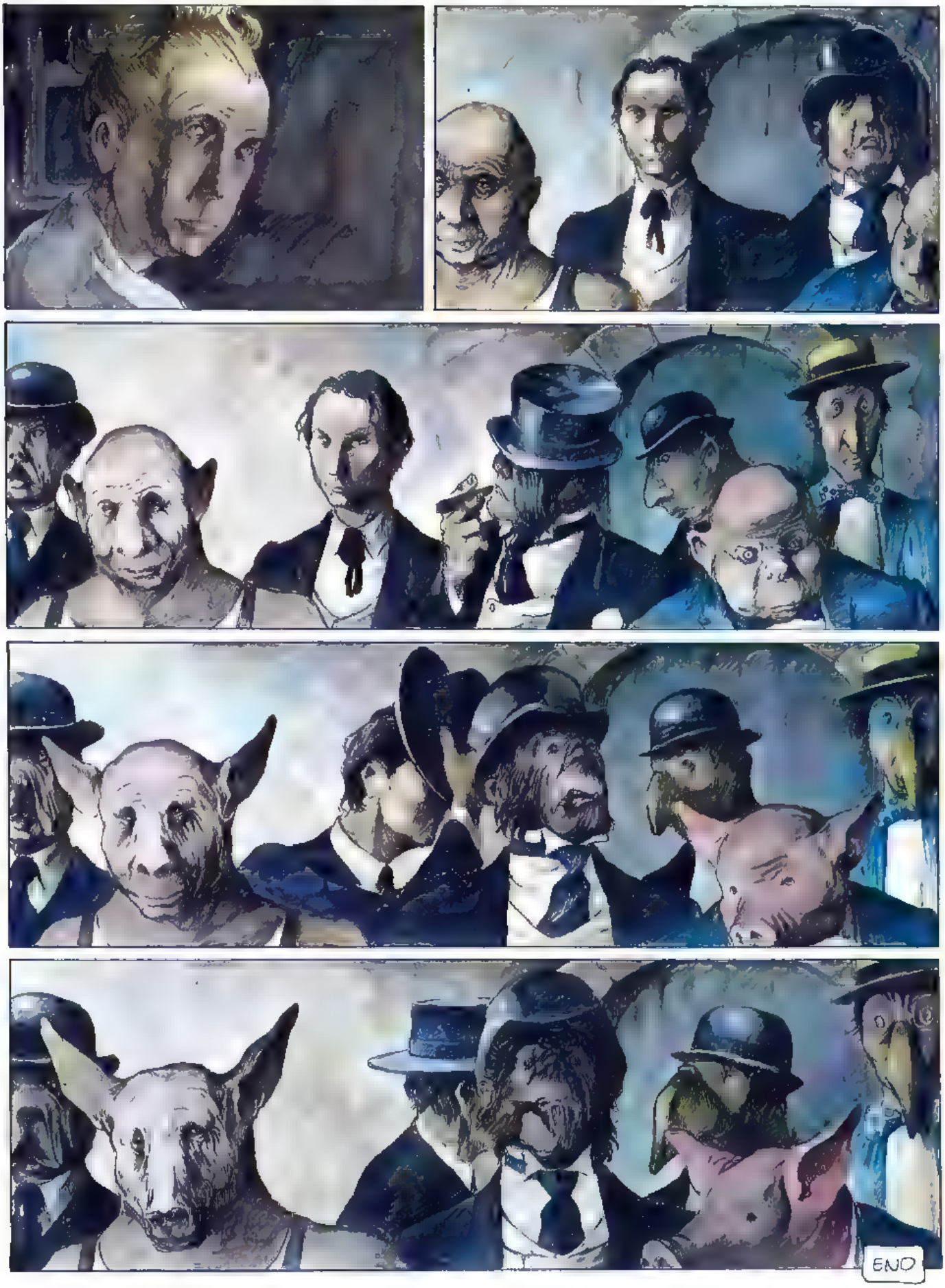
YOU ARE FINALLY A MOTHER CONGRATULATIONS!
AND ALL OF YOUR FRIENDS ARE WITH YOU
AH! AN OFFERING FROM THOSE WHO FOLLOW THE STARS!
MARIE PLEASE ACCEPT OUR PRESENTS AND MOST SINCERE WISHES FOR PEACE AND HAPPINESS FOR YOU AND YOUR CHILD!

DID YOU SEE THOSE TWO OVER THERE? WHAT ARE THEY AFTER? I DON'T LIKE THIS!
ME NE THER THEY'RE PROBABLY GOING TO MADAME'S
DON'T EVEN BOTHER W TH THEM LOOK AT MARIE I HAVE NEVER SEEN HER MORE RADIANT
YOU'RE RIGHT IT'S TRULY AMAZING WHAT THE PRESENCE OF A LITTLE BABY CAN DO SHE'S NEVER BEEN SO BEAUTIFUL AND SHE HAS MORE CLIENTS THAN EVER BEFORE!
SO BELIEVE ME WHEN I TELL YOU THAT HER NUMEROUS SINS HAVE BEEN PARDONED BECAUSE SHE HAS LOVED SO MUCH BUT REMEMBER HE WHO LOVES LITTLE IS PARDONED FOR LITTLE
OH SHUT UP GABRIEL!
A STOLEN CHILD ELEVEN MONTHS AGO YOU SAY
HMMM THAT COULDN'T BE

FOLLOW ME!
HERE IS THIS WHAT YOU ARE LOOKING FOR?
BE QUIET YOU LITTLE FOOL YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T KEEP THAT CHILD!
MARIE, MARIE!
BUT HE'S MY SON
CALM DOWN
THAT'S MY SON MY BABY!

DID YOU HEAR THAT CRAZY WOMAN?
YES WHO WAS SHE?
LET'S GO HOME NOW
AN ANDRO LINE? AN ANDROBINE?
HAHA YOU MEAN AN ANDROGYNE. YOU IDIOT
HMMM DO YOU SAY A ANDROGYNE OR AN ANDROGYNE?
HAHAHAHAHA GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO ASK THE CHIEF WHO WOULD KNOW BETTER THAN HIM WITH THAT WIFE OF HIS!?

LETS GO GIRLS! HURRY UP. WE HAVE A LONG TRIP AHEAD OF US. IT'S TIME TO MOVE ON


END

Gallery:

by Pete Hamill

In the late 1960s, the work of Richard Corben found its way out of Kansas City into the rest of America and then the world. From the beginning, it was clear that Corben was an American popular artist whose energy, power, and originality equaled those other children of Kansas City, Count Basie and Charlie Parker. Each had a unique vision, a way of seeing the world through a medium that had been dismissed as common and vulgar; Basie made swing music sound as fresh as a mountain stream; Charlie Parker could make you believe that nobody in history had ever played a saxophone. Corben took the comic strip, a form that seemed exhausted or in slick decay, and he seemed to reinvent the form.

Now there is a book—*Flights into Fantasy*—that tells us something about how Corben came to be Corben. I say "something." No book can tell us everything about a great artist, and I think Corben is a great artist.

The art in this Gallery section is from *Flights into Fantasy*, by Fershid Bharucha. All art is © 1981 by Richard V. Corben.

BORDEN
©1977

Obviously, his draftsmanship is powerful and original, but that is not why he is great. His squat, muscle-laced men do not exist in life; his voluptuous women are products of his imagination, not the gene pool; when they come together to make love, we don't observe delicate brief encounters so much as violent collisions, primitive needs sated in dense, thick receptions and penetrations. Corben has created in the tale of Den, his masterwork, visual metaphors for fucking. Not love-making. Fucking. You do not experience such extra-ordinary couplings in a world fashioned by Henry James or Henry Miller or even in the fevered pages of the skin magazines. Corben's power, the sheer lust of his imagination, demands its own world, and he has created that world. For me, the ability to invent an alternate world is the absolute mark of a great artist.

In this book, we can trace influences on Corben's work: just as Lester Young pointed the way for Charlie Parker, Will Eisner showed Corben the possibility of the comic book page. Panels shift in size and scale, figures burst out of perspective or recede into vast, barren distances. Eisner taught everybody in comics how to use sound, and Corben has built on Eisner's use of lettering to express inexpressible sound. He has also made short films that not many people have seen, but we don't need to experience Corben in a theater; he has frozen on the pages of books and magazines some of the most remarkable movies of the era. He has taken us to Neverwhere.

Corben also learned from others: Harvey Kurtzman, Frank Frazetta, Neal Adams, Jim Steranko, and the terribly undervalued Alex Toth; he absorbed what there was to learn from Wally Wood and Jack Davis. But Corben's work never smells of the swipe file He looked at the best people, absorbed what they had to teach him, and then went his own way.

In this album we can watch the Corben style as it develops and matures. From the beginning, his sense of color was exquisite and original. Some of the earlier pictures are, for my taste, over-detailed, a hair too tight; he had to learn what every artist eventually learns: when to finish. For me, Corben is at his mature and confident best when he is most loose. That is when he is also his most fearless; he goes to a page knowing that the page cannot defeat him, that work will come off

that page, when he is through, that has never before existed in the world. Again, like the great artists and the most brilliant musicians.

With some artists, you wish you could function as a fight manager and show the artist how to use his strengths and minimize his weaknesses. You don't feel that way with the mature work of Richard Corben. Somehow, during the long years when he was working as a commercial draftsman at an industrial conglomerate called Calvin Communications, Inc., Corben became his own manager. He tried various idioms, mastered them, discarded them, and what remained was Richard Corben.

And being Richard Corben is no small thing. He is in his mature years now, and you don't ever wish for him to embark on specific projects. You wait, and you look. He will always do one thing: he will surprise us. We can ask nothing more of an American artist than that.

UPSTART THEATER
presents
SHAKESPEARE
FOR DOGS
Two Gentlemen of Verona
AHHH. THIS IS THE LIFE. JULIA, VALENTINE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S MISSING!
PROTEUS CAN KEEP HIS LOVE. TRAVEL'S TH' LIFE FOR ME!
WELCOME TO MILAN, MR VALENTINE. I'M THE DUKE AROUND HERE. AND THIS IS MY DAUGHTER SILVIA
HELLO, HANDSOME
THRILLED TO MEET YOU, MR VALENTINE, I'M SURE
BECAUSE OF MY CHARMING CHARACTER THE DUKE HAS PROMISED HIS DAUGHTER'S HAND.
THIS IS THE GIRL I WROTE YOU ABOUT, PROTEUS. WHATTA YOU THINK? HUH? SOME DOLL EH? YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THAT LOVE STUFF PAL
MUM'S THE WORD, BUT SILVIA AND I ARE GOING TO RUN OFF TOGETHER AND GET MARRIED
LISTEN DUKE, I HATE TO BE THE ONE TO TELL YOU THIS, BUT
BZZZZZZZZZ
HE WHAT! WAIT I'LL HAVE HIM EXILED!
LISTEN, BABY VALENTINE'S GONE FORGET ABOUT HIM YOU AND I CAN MAKE BEAUTIFUL MUSIC TOGETHER
?
WHY THAT LOUSY HEEL. I DRESS UP AS A PAGE, COME ALL THE WAY TO MILAN TO SEE HIM, AND WHAT DO I FIND?
YOU KNOW, BEING EXILED ISN'T HALF BAD!
ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL!
DADDY WOULD JUST KILL ME IF HE KNEW WHAT I WAS DOING, BUT I JUST HAVE TO FIND MY HONEY
DARLING!
SWEETHEART!
I KNOW I SHOULDN'T, BUT I FORGIVE YOU.
I'M A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES, BABY!
YOU KNOW, I CAN'T REMEMBER WHY I EXILED YOU GUYS IN THE FIRST PLACE. SO LET'S FORGET THE WHOLE THING
WELL THAT'S ALL, FOLKS. YOU TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA MAY KISS YOUR BRIDES.

©1982 PETER KUPER

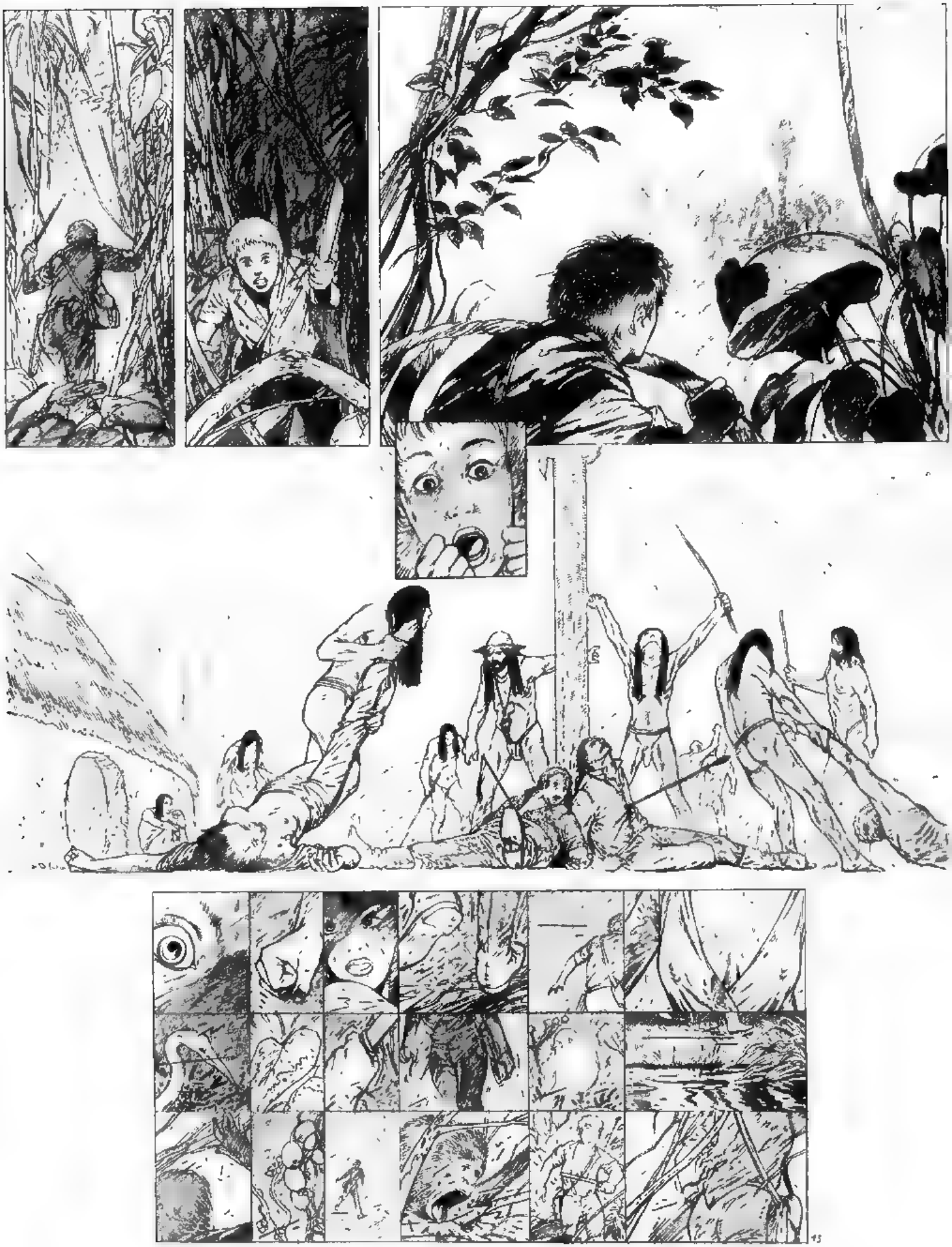
BELHEM! THIS IS INCREDIBLE! THEIRS IS A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION!
GOOD, SOO. THAT'S ALL WE NEED WITH SOO TOPS
PROFESSOR!
AT THE MIDDLE OF
CYMBIOLA
PROFESSOR HEUSTON'S DEAD! ANOTHER ONE? THAT'S THE FOURTH!
WITH THIS INTENSE HEAT, WE DON'T WANT TO LOSE ANYONE ELSE
THESE TOMBS ARE IN TERRIBLE SHAPE! THERE ARE NO TOMBS! JUST A STONE THRONE AND MORE THAN A FEW STONES!
YOU BETTER BE RIGHT, BROOKS. I'VE SUNK A LOT OF MONEY INTO THIS PROJECT, AND I INTEND TO GET SOMETHING IN RETURN!
DON'T WORRY, BROOKS ... I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING

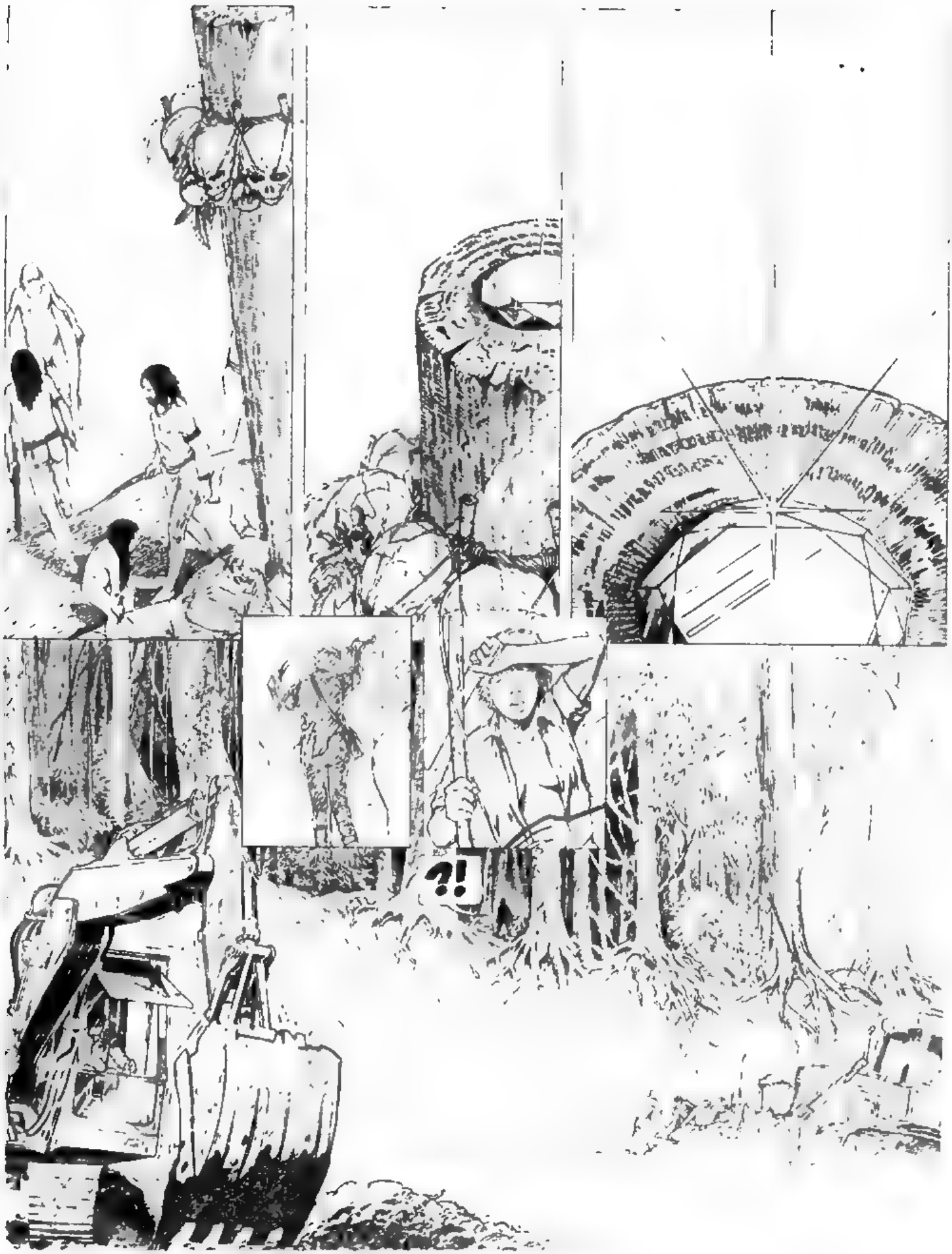
WHAT'S GOING ON?
WHAT THE HELL'S ALL THAT?
WELL THERE'S A FIGHT OVER THERE LET ME GO AND CHECK
LOOK YOU MANAGE YOUR CATTLE ON YOUR SIDE AND I'LL MANAGE MINE
BUT MAN ARE YOU MAD? I'VE TOLD YOU THAT THAT LAND IS OURS
OH NO! YOUR WORDS I'VE HAD WITH YOUR MORALISTIC JUDGEMENT BESIDES, I'M DRYING THESE SKINNERS QUITE
LEAVE US BE! GET ON WITH YOUR WORK, YOU ANIMALS

I MIGHT BE INTERESTING TO LIVE LONG ENOUGH AND SEE WHAT BELHEM DOES NEXT
YEAH, BELHEM AND THAT ENTREPRENEUR PROFESSOR FRIEND OF HIS. I BELIEVE HIS NAME IS BROOKS
BUT BELHEM, BELIEVE ME. NOTHING HAS CHANGED, AT
FLIES TO, AND I PROMISE YOU THERE WILL BE RESULTS SHORTLY!

AN OSTRICH SKELETON ! I'M ALMOST SURE OF IT! WHAT COULD IT BE DOING HERE? AND THESE STONES... THEY'RE ENGRAVED WITH OLD DRAWINGS! THESE INDIANS DEFINITELY KNOW MORE THAN THEY'RE LETTING ON!
AH, THOSE SAVAGES DON'T WANT TO WORK ANYMORE!
COME ON, LET'S FOLLOW THEM! THIS GUY IS CRAZED! HE'S APT TO DO ANY THING
AND YOU, YOU BIG BABOON! YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE BLISTERS ON YOUR HANDS! I'LL GIVE YOU JUST TWO MINUTES TO GET YOUR ZULUS BACK TO WORK, OR I'LL MAKE MATCH STICKS OUT OF YOUR RIDICULOUS TOTEM POLE!
MAYBE HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND ME... TOO BAD FOR HIM!
BELHEM, PLEASE WAIT!
OUCH!

SHITTTT!
BELHEM!
OUCH!
IN ORDER TO PICK UP WHERE WE LEFT OFF A LOT OF QUESTIONS ARE GOING TO HAVE TO BE ANSWERED THERE IS DEFINITELY SOMETHING BEHIND THIS SKELETON AND THOSE STONES MAYBE IF BELHEM HAD A LITTLE MORE RESPECT FOR WHAT HE'D FOUND
CHRIS!
RUN, RUN!
?!

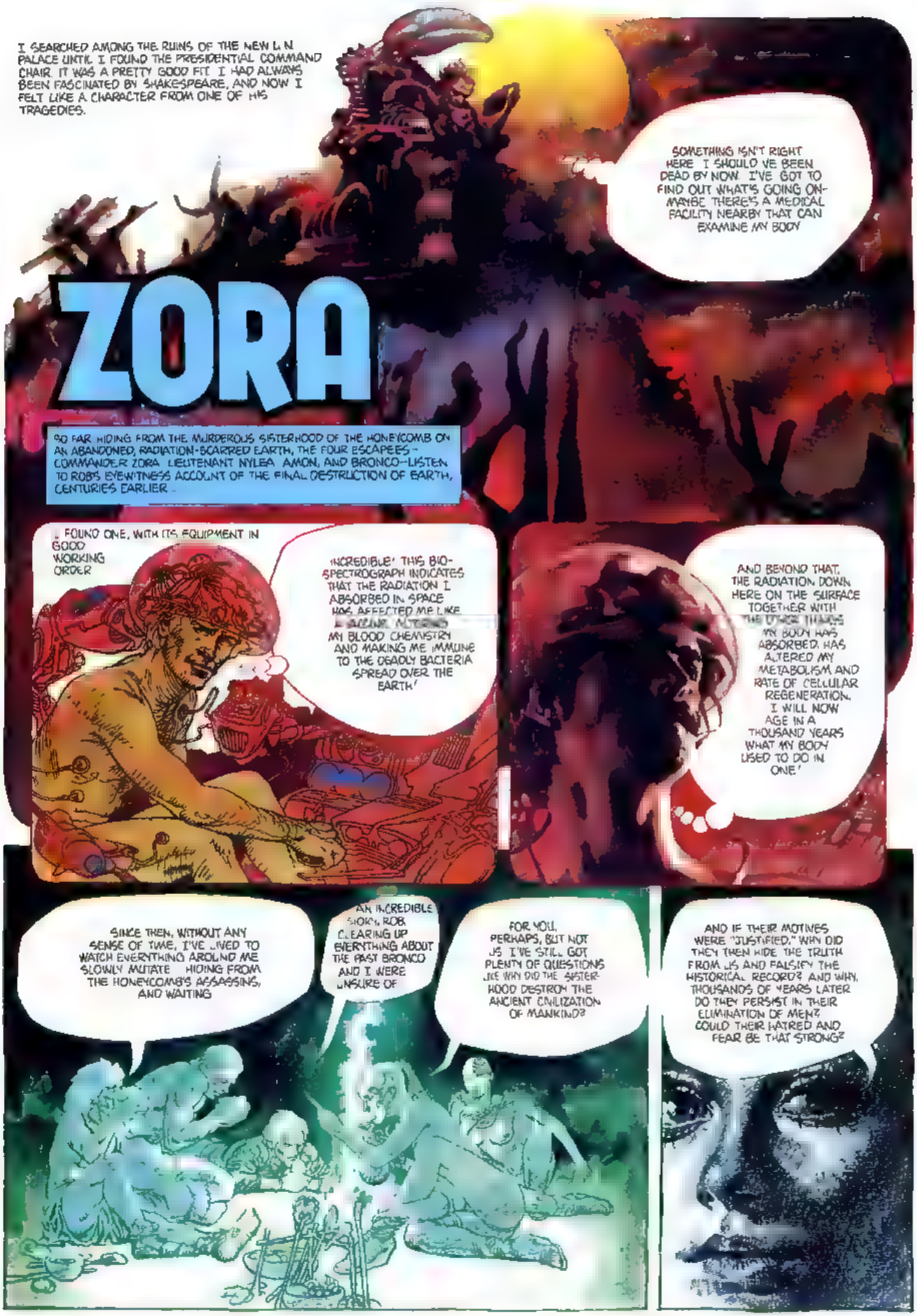




HEY! LOOK UP THERE! WHAT THE
THERE'S A WOMAN!
STOP! STOP EVERYTHING, THE INDIANS! THE EXCAVATION! STOP THE WHOLE DAMNED EXPEDITION!
WHAT'S SHE SAYING?
BUT WHERE HAVE YOU COME FROM?
THE... THE INDIANS...
SHE'S HARDLY GOT ANY STRENGTH LEFT
CHIEF, CHIEF COME SEE!
WELL, WHO'S THIS? A WOMAN? AHHH, THIS IS REALLY NOT THE TIME YOU TAKE CARE OF HER TAKE HER BACK TO THE CAMP

51 PATRIOTS CLINIC NEW YORK, NEW YORK
STOP
STOP
STOP

FIN.


I SEARCHED AMONG THE RUINS OF THE NEW U.N. PALACE UNTIL I FOUND THE PRESIDENTIAL COMMAND CHAIR. IT WAS A PRETTY GOOD FIT. I HAD ALWAYS BEEN FASCINATED BY SHAKESPEARE, AND NOW I FELT LIKE A CHARACTER FROM ONE OF HIS TRAGEDIES.
SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT HERE. I SHOULD'VE BEEN DEAD BY NOW. I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON- MAYBE THERE'S A MEDICAL FACILITY NEARBY THAT CAN EXAMINE MY BODY
ZORA
SO FAR, HIDING FROM THE MURDEROUS SISTERHOOD OF THE HONEYCOMB ON AN ABANDONED, RADIATION-SCARRED EARTH, THE FOUR ESCAPEES - COMMANDER ZORA, LIEUTENANT NYLEA, AMON, AND BRONCO - LISTEN TO ROB'S EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT OF THE FINAL DESTRUCTION OF EARTH, CENTURIES EARLIER...
...FOUND ONE, WITH ITS EQUIPMENT IN GOOD WORKING ORDER
INCREDIBLE! THIS BIO-SPECTROGRAPH INDICATES THAT THE RADIATION I ABSORBED IN SPACE WAS AFFECTED ME LIKE A VACCINE, ALTERING MY BLOOD CHEMISTRY AND MAKING ME IMMUNE TO THE DEADLY BACTERIA SPREAD OVER THE EARTH!
AND BEYOND THAT, THE RADIATION DOWN HERE ON THE SURFACE TOGETHER WITH THE UNIQUE TRACES MY BODY HAS ABSORBED, HAS ALTERED MY METABOLISM AND RATE OF CELLULAR REGENERATION. I WILL NOW AGE IN A THOUSAND YEARS WHAT MY BODY USED TO DO IN ONE!
SINCE THEN, WITHOUT ANY SENSE OF TIME, I'VE LIVED TO WATCH EVERYTHING AROUND ME SLOWLY MUTATE... HIDING FROM THE HONEYCOMB'S ASSASSINS, AND WAITING
AN INCREDIBLE STORY, ROB. CLEARING UP EVERYTHING ABOUT THE PAST. BRONCO AND I WERE UNSURE OF
FOR YOU, PERHAPS, BUT NOT US. I'VE STILL GOT PLENTY OF QUESTIONS LIKE WHY DID THE SISTERHOOD DESTROY THE ANCIENT CIVILIZATION OF MANKIND?
AND IF THEIR MOTIVES WERE "JUSTIFIED," WHY DID THEY THEN HIDE THE TRUTH FROM US AND FALSIFY THE HISTORICAL RECORD? AND WHY, THOUSANDS OF YEARS LATER, DO THEY PERSIST IN THEIR ELIMINATION OF MEN? COULD THEIR HATRED AND FEAR BE THAT STRONG?
STORY AND ART FERNANDO FERNANDEZ

ZORA. IT ISN'T ONLY WHEN WE FIGHT THE SISTERHOOD THAT I WANT TO BE AT YOUR SIDE. RIGHT NOW, I DON'T EVEN WANT US TO BE SEPARATED.
IN THE IMPROVISED CAMPSITE THE OTHERS SLEPT. ONE LONE WITNESS—DISTANT, INHUMAN, AN UNKNOWN *THING*—OBSERVED THEIR ENCOUNTER.
AND SO LOVE—BOTH FRUIT AND SEED OF MAN—WAS REBORN ON EARTH AFTER A LAPSE OF CENTURIES OF MADNESS.

ONCE AGAIN, INSTINCT AND PLEASURE BECAME THE RIVERS FOR LIFE'S SEEDS. MAN AND WOMAN HAVE ACCEPTED THEIR MYSTERIOUS DESTINY AND THE DISTANT THING CEASES ITS OBSERVATIONS
AAAAAAGGG!
BY A THOUSAND HORNETS! THAT WAS NYLEA WHO SCREAMED!
fernandez

IT DIDN'T SEEM MUCH OF A BRONCO! LET'S GO!
I SOUNDED LIKE SOMEONE BEING TORN APART!
WE'LL SEARCH IN PAIRS, SO WE CAN COVER MORE GROUND! COME, AMON!
NYLEA, ANSWER ME! WHERE ARE YOU? WHAT HAPPENED?
DON'T WORRY, ZORA. WE'LL FIND HER SOON. OH, MY GOD! WHAT'S THAT?
BRONCO! AMON! ZORA! HELP ME! BRING SOMETHING TO KILL THIS MONSTER!

TO BE CONTINUED

The Third Sexual Revolution

Part Two: The Macho Woman and the Priestess

Illustration by Caza

by David Black

I Some Notes on the Difference Between Macho and Character

Although my wife always has claimed to dislike macho movies of the Sam Peckinpah–Clint Eastwood type (the only movie she ever walked out of was *The Ballad of Cable Hogue*), the other day she wandered into the living room during the last half hour of *Ride the High Country* and sat enthralled as Randolph Scott and Joel McCrea strode together into the film's final gunfight. And it struck me that a certain quality which lately has been assumed to be a form of macho is not necessarily macho, and to dismiss it as such not only confuses thinking, but also inhibits action.

This quality, dramatized at the end of *Ride the High Country*, is the acceptance of fate, a willingness to do what has to be done no matter what the consequences may be. It can lead to spectacular exploits (a fireman risking his life to save a child from a burning building) or less obvious forms of heroism (a man going to work every day at a job he hates to support a family). It is character.

Character is not a very fashionable word. And, in fact, people who have character are often considered eccentric or unrealistic. Our culture values flexibility, realism, and pragmatism. Character seems more and more to be a luxury we cannot afford. People who take a stand because they believe it is right, even if their cause is hopeless or suicidal, seem, according to our new cost-benefit system of moral accounting, stubborn and foolish. It does not make sense for Randolph Scott and Joel McCrea to walk into a gunfight knowing the chances are that at least one of them will get killed; that is, it does not make sense unless character is taken into account.

By itself, character can seem to be a kind of masochism or theatrical martyr-impulse, and I suspect one of the objections my wife had to macho movies was what she saw as a glorification of a senseless desire to sacrifice the self. The sacrifice seemed to her merely a way of proving masculinity. What held her attention at the end of the Peckinpah movie was the realization that the two old cowboys were sacrificing themselves, not on the altar of some phallic god, but for principles.

Principle has become almost as quaint a word as character. In our business and personal lives, principles often seem to be obstructions rather than guides. Or they are temptations which we ought to resist. A friend who bought a stolen Betamax at a very low price justified himself by saying, "I would have been a fool not to." Principles, like character, can make one look foolish to the unprincipled.

It is this apparent foolishness which the scourges of macho have exploited. A woman friend dismisses writers like Kipling, London, Hemingway, and Mailer as being nothing but poseurs; and the pose she objects to, in their works and in their lives, is the stand each one takes in defending his principles. It was not so much the principles themselves she objected to (although she did disagree with many of them), but the inflexible loyalty with which they held to their codes. "They were naive," she said, "they never realized all life is compromise."

All life is not compromise, although in our pathological gregariousness we have made a virtue of getting along. Getting along has become confused with living a life with a decent respect for others. Getting along has come to mean going along, just as going along has come to mean getting ahead. Getting along has taken on the dignity of necessity, as though getting along meant being civilized. Getting along has seized the high ground; it has become the opposite of being selfish. Hawthorne's Mr. Smooth-it-Away is our tour guide

and the Celestial Railroad has merely been transformed into the Soul Train. Standing by your principles is seen as almost barbaric; my feminist friend's favorite description of Peckinpah's gunfighters is Neanderthal.

Like the suffragette Alva Belmont, my friend wants to take the vote away from men. Women, she believes, would run the world with fewer international tensions and virtually no wars. They would not have to prove their virility by getting into showdowns. They are more civilized than men. They know how to get along.

While her position is extreme, there seems to be a growing acceptance among men and women of the myth that men are more aggressive and hostile than women. Men are advised to accept the feminine sides of their natures, to learn how to be softer, to resist the lures of macho. Even the word macho has come to have a slightly comic and derogatory meaning.

And I suppose certain aspects of macho should be discouraged. But this is where a discrimination should be made between the cult of the male and the acceptance of fate. Those who object to macho tend to lump both concepts together and reject the whole package, as my wife used to. But at the end of *Ride the High Country*, when I twitted her about enjoying a Peckinpah movie, she said, "It wasn't the macho" which held her, it was "something else." The something else was that quality of doing what you have to do, of character, which, of course, is not just an aspect of the male.

Antigone risking her life to bury her brother is acting according to a code just as any Hemingway hero does, and she is not masculine in doing so. By defining character as a function of macho and condemning macho as adolescent, primitive, and somewhat silly behavior, we are doing ourselves a disservice. We are impoverishing our lives.

In denying character we are eliminating an agent of form. Living according to a code, like any conditional activity—playing in a sport, worshiping, writing a sonnet or a mystery novel—limits action. This limitation of action appears from the outside to be a loss of freedom rather than the exercise of choices. It is this formal, almost ceremonial nature which gives a successful Peckinpah movie, a good Hemingway story, and a life lived according to a code, dignity. And it is the testing of these limits, the possibility of failure, the threat of a loss of courage which make those movies, those stories, and those lives—whether lived by a man or a woman—not macho, but heroic.

II. The Heroic Woman As Priestess

According to legend, Adam had a wife before Eve. Her name was Lilith. She was created as he had been out of the dust of the earth, and was therefore his equal. This caused strife in Paradise. Soon, Lilith escaped to the Red Sea. Three angels flew after the runaway and told her that if she did not return to Adam, each day a hundred of her children would die. Lilith did not want to go back to Adam and take an unequal place at his side. Like the two cowboys in *Ride the High Country*, she did what she felt she had to do—despite death. In this case the death of children, which is far worse than one's own death.

As a revenge for the death of her children, Lilith—according to legend—soared around the earth, injuring newborn babies. She was a she-demon, a succubus, a vampire, who, though beautiful, loved without giving satisfaction. She was an erotic monster: the more one was aroused by her, the more one needed to be aroused. Not *world without end, Amen*, but *orgasm without end*.

She was, in some versions of the legend, appropriately, sterile: a symbol of recreational, not procreational, sex. Eve was the symbol of procreational sex. Eve was also, unlike Lilith, subservient to Adam. Less than Adam. Part of Adam. Originally, Adam—like Plato's original human—was two beings in one. He had two faces, which were separated when Eve was born. Not wanting Eve to be arrogant, wanton, proud, God made Eve from a chaste part of Adam's body, and, as God formed her bit by bit, He repeated over and over, "Be chaste, be chaste." As Louis Ginzberg, one of the greatest of Talmudic scholars, pointed out after reciting this legend, God seemed to have failed in His intent.

But if Eve was not chaste, she was not free of shame: the product of disobeying God's orders doubly. When she ate of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, the first thing she did was to clothe herself.

So in Biblical tradition, two females represent polar ends of the woman's experience in the world. Or of man's experience of women in the world. There is independent, proud, beautiful, seductive, endlessly arousing Lilith: the cosmic suffragette, who is not ashamed of her devouring sexuality, who, in fact, finds power in her sexuality. And who pays for her sexuality heroically, preferring sacrifice to defeat, to powerlessness.

And there is submissive, ashamed, retiring, but fertile Eve, who in her first act of independence gives birth to all humankind's miseries: death, pain, the need to work to reclaim what had been given as a gift—life. And, having transgressed, Eve, unlike proud Lilith, hid herself from the unhideable, from the consequences of her act, from God.

Eve went on to become mother of a race. Lilith went on and, after the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem, became the consort of God. According to the early gnostic Cabalists, Lilith seduced God and will remain His mistress until the coming of the Messiah.

These two figures represent two experiences not merely of sexuality but of life itself. For women, they represent types: psychological masks to wear. For men, they are choices. The woman as Eve or Lilith guards the gate to the future—not only of the individual, but of the race. Eve represents continuity—although continuity with sorrow, death, and pain; life in its endless circle of death and rebirth. Lilith represents an escape from that cycle of sorrow. The endless arousal she creates, the lust that feeds on itself, growing stronger as it consumes itself, is a perfect metaphor for a nuclear holocaust, a fire that feeds on itself, sucking the whole world into its flame, the brightest and most beautiful of all lights.

But there is another pairing of archetypes, which offers a mediation, a merging, of living-sorrow and dying-arousal. If Lilith was God's consort *after* the destruction of the Jerusalem Temple, the Matronit or the Matron was, according to Cabalistic tradition, God's consort *before* the destruction of the Jerusalem Temple. The Matronit was Ishtar, the Babylonian goddess of love and war, as macho as any Hemingway hero. She had four faces: chastity and promiscuity, motherliness and bloodthirstiness, according to Raphael Patai, an expert on Jewish myths who has worked at the University of Pennsylvania, Princeton, and Columbia (*The Hebrew Goddess*, Avon, 1978).

The Matronit rages and copulates her way across history, bedding with mortals and Satan as well as with God. She is the Divine Whore—free of any shame or blame for her wantonness because, as a goddess, she is beyond human law. Her eroticism is a sign of her divinity. And one of the chief attributes of her eroticism is cruelty. She is the Hebrew version of Kali, the Hindu goddess, who, according to Marvin H. Pope in his book *Song of Songs* (Doubleday, 1977), was beautiful and young and "insatiable in her thirst for blood and flesh, wine and sexual intercourse."

In every way she is the mirror image of Lilith. The Matronit breeds Godly children, Lilith, in some legends, demon children. Her lust is holy; Lilith's, profane. Taking the place of the Angel of Death, the Matronit kills with an ecstatic kiss, Lilith sucks the life from men with a kiss less satisfying. Together they make up The Great Goddess, each, in their many aspects, aspects of Her.

Women, any woman, as representative of the Great Goddess, becomes Lilith or the Matronit, shows one aspect or another, is the destroyer, the devine whore, the mother, the virgin, God's mistress or Satan's or man's. And sex, when engaged in, becomes—not merely recreational or procreational—but a cosmic copulation with one form or another of this Goddess. Like Shakti in Tantric lore, who dances the dance of illusion, creating the false reality of separate things, women—as Lilith or the Matronit—create what passes for the objective world. They become ministers of experience, priestesses who lead men into the mystery of life, which is also the mystery of death. And, as priestesses, they are divine or satanic—the Matronit or Lilith—according to the face they happen to be showing at the moment illusion is finally ripped away and true reality in either its glory or horror is revealed.

Part 3 (September 1982) will trace the secret history of spiritual transcendence through sex from the present to its source—with stopovers in the Renaissance, Middle Ages, and ancient Greece.

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As record crowds swarmed in ticket sales were called off which is why some 10,000 unsold, mint condition tickets were found in a warehouse last spring.

They became instant collector's items. Each is perfect and each is numbered. 3-day Woodstock tickets, beautifully mounted (removeable-not glued) and framed in glass. Even their obvious investment potential is overshadowed by their very personal social, cultural and nostalgic significance to all of us who lived through America's tumultuous sixties.

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***Certificate of authenticity from the original printer**

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State _____ Zip _____

☐ Visa ☐ MC Intbk # _____

Acct. # _____ Exp. _____

ancient innocence
she passed
a shadowed reflection
of ancient innocence
pressed in white
and wondered sense

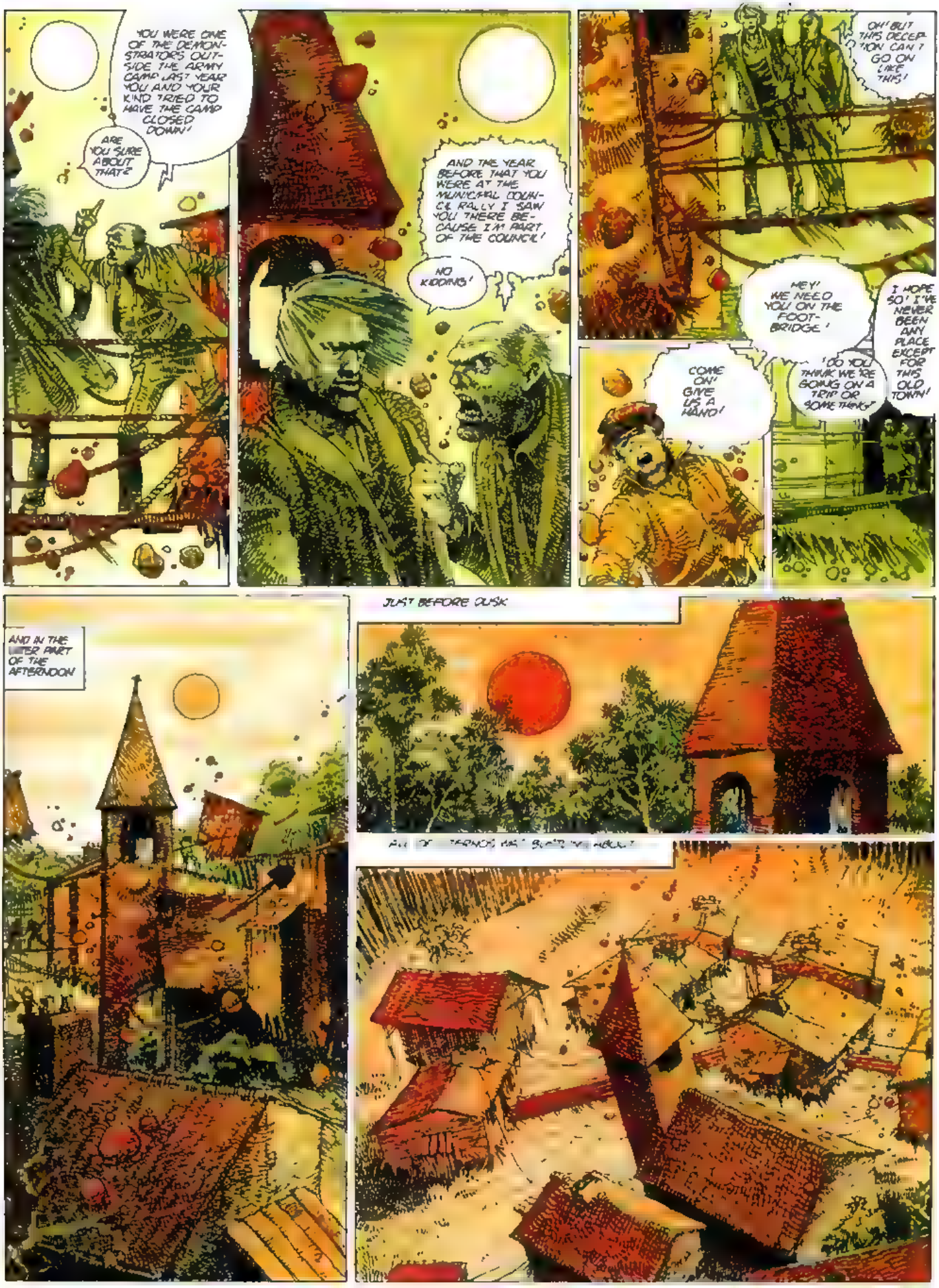
PRATT
4/22/82

THE VOYAGE OF THOSE FORGOTTEN

LAST WE SAW THE TWO TRAVELERS TOLD THE VILLAGERS OF DANGEROUS EXPERIMENTS TAKING PLACE AT THE ARMY BASE

BUT, OF COURSE THAT WOULD EXPLAIN THE ODD GOINGS-ON AROUND HERE
BUT HOW CAN YOU BE SURE OF THESE EXPERIMENTS?
WELL ALL THE INFORMATION ON THIS PROJECT IS TOP SECRET OF COURSE BUT I SUPPOSE I CAN TELL YOU A LITTLE SOME THING
OH YES? GO ON THEN
WELL, YOU KNOW, WALKING ABOUT AS WE HAVE DONE HAS ENABLED US TO PICK UP LITTLE BITS OF NEWS ONE WOULDN'T NORMALLY HAVE ACCESS TO
THE NCSRT A CUTE YOUNG THING LIKE YOU? I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT THEY ONLY EMPLOYED BIG HULKING MIGHTY-MEN FOR THEIR KIND OF WORK
OH, MY
YES, YES, GO ON
WELL JOE THEY FOUND OUT THAT I KNEW MORE THAN I SHOULD'VE, THEY FIRED ME.
THAT'S WHY I'M JUST BUMMING AROUND NOW
OH MY GOD! LOOK WHAT'S GOING ON NOW!
MY CHICKEN COOP - IT'S IT'S IN FLIGHT!
LOOK AT THAT!
EVEN THE HOUSES ARE DRIFTING!
IT MUST BE THE EAST WIND!

WE'LL HAVE TO TIE THE HOUSES DOWN IF WE DON'T WE'RE LIABLE TO LOSE EVERYTHING WE OWN!
GOOD IDEA!
LET'S GET SOME ROPE!
I BELIEVE I HAVE SOME BARBED WIRE IN THE BACK!
AND I'VE GOT CROSSBARS AND SOME ROPE
YOU! GO TIE UP THE SCHOOL AND THE CHAPEL!
MMMMM THAT GUY'S GOT SOME NERVE HE'S GIVING ORDERS LIKE HE OWNS THE PLACE!
BUT OHHHH!
HOW I KNOW WHO HE IS!
HAH!
YOU'RE YOU'RE...
YES YES!


YOU WERE ONE OF THE DEMONSTRATORS OUTSIDE THE ARMY CAMP LAST YEAR YOU AND YOUR KIND TRIED TO HAVE THE CAMP CLOSED DOWN!
ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THAT?
AND THE YEAR BEFORE THAT YOU WERE AT THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL RALLY I SAW YOU THERE BECAUSE I'M PART OF THE COUNCIL!
NO KIDDING!
OH! BUT THIS DECEPTION CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS!
HEY! WE NEED YOU ON THE FOOTBRIDGE!
I HOPE SO! I'VE NEVER BEEN ANY PLACE EXCEPT FOR THIS OLD TOWN!
DO YOU THINK WE'RE GOING ON A TRIP OR SOMETHING?
COME ON! GIVE US A HAND!
AND IN THE LATER PART OF THE AFTERNOON
JUST BEFORE DUSK

WELL EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE A ORDER I'M GOING TO BED
YEAH ME TOO WHO KNOWS WHAT TOMORROW MAY BRING
THAT LAST NIGHT WON'T MAY WELL COME AGAIN
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON AROUND HERE? WHERE'S MY MORNING PEAK
MMMMM GOOD NIGHT SURE BUT FOR US IT'S NOT OVER
I HOPE I PLAY AT PEELING AS I
I HAVE A FEELING THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG HERE LOOK AT THIS
YES WHO I KNOW WHERE TO
I THINK WE'LL SO EVERYONE SEEMS TO BE ASLEEP
YES THE BELL TOWER THAT'S EVEN BETTER THAN THAT OLD MAN'S CHICKEN COOP

FRANKLY, I AM VERY WORRIED ABOUT YOU HOW DO WE KNOW JUST HOW THIS MACHINE WORKS? WE EVEN KNOW THE AMOUNT OF VILLA TION IT TAKES THE HUMAN AMPLIFIER ESCAPE THE TRANS- PORTATION IN EVERY WAY AND

IN THESE TIMES OF PEACE IN THE TEMPLES, THE BELLIES OF METEORS, MAD PRIESTS SANG THE NAME, YRAGAEL, PRINCE OF MEN.
YRAGAEL
BY PHILIPPE DRUILLET
TEXT BY DEMUTH. TRANSLATED BY PAULINE TENNANT. REPRINTED WITH THE PERMISSION OF QUICK FOX, FROM THE IR BOOK
YRAGAEL ©RM BY DRUILLE

BUT AS ON THE CONFINES OF THE EARTH, THE GLACIERS WERE BEING WORN AWAY AGAINST RAMPARTS OF STONE IN THE YOUNG MOUNTAINS··· AS IN THE TROPICS THE TORRID VAPORS WERE DISPERSING BEFORE THE FLOWER-ISLANDS THE GODS WERE WEARIED, WERE FRETTING AND PILING UP CYCLONES OF CINDERS, AND TERRORS, AND CRYSTALLIZING WINTERS..UNTIL ONE DAY, DAWN, NIGHT, TEMPEST...

TO BE CONTINUED

HEAVY METAL

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL 1977: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY 1977: Russian astronauts "Roger" the paranoid puppet, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more ($4.00)

#3/JUNE 1977: Macedo's "Rockblitz," the highly praised "Shalls," the beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more ($3.00)

#4/JULY 1977: Lots of Moebius, "Arzach," plus part one of "The Long Tomorrow", also, the final installment of "Sunpot" ($3.00)

#5/AUGUST 1977: The saga of "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue ($3.00)

#6/SEPTEMBER 1977: Roger Zelazny has a short story and Moebius, a space opera, plus more "World Apart," "Den" and "Polonius" ($3.00)

#7/OCTOBER 1977: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again, yet more ($3.00)

#8/NOVEMBER 1977: New Harlan Ellison fiction, nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart" ($3.00)

#9/DECEMBER 1977: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz," by Druillet, "Fortuna's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color contributions from Corben, Macedo, Clavelioux and Moebius ($3.00)

#10/JANUARY 1978: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues. ($3.00)

#11/FEBRUARY 1978: New adventures of "Barbarella," wraparound cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius, Corben, et al. ($3.00)

#12/MARCH 1978: Swashbuckling "Orion" makes a debut courtesy of Gray Morrow, and there's more "Barbarella," more "Urm," and yet more "Den." ($3.00)

#13/APRIL 1978: Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from "Paradise 9" and "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up. ($3.00)

#14/MAY 1978: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat. ($3.00)

#15/JUNE 1978: Corben introduces Shahrazad Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman." ($3.00)

#16/JULY 1978: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," the resumption of Druillet's "Gail," and yet more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human" and Corben's "Arabian Nights." ($3.00)

#17/AUGUST 1978: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER 1978: [illegible] Moebius's [illegible] Harlan Ellison [illegible] SOLD OUT!

#19/OCTOBER 1978: "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," the debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus the usual ($3.00)

#20/NOVEMBER 1978: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, "Heilman" a final rebirth, more ($3.00)

#21/DECEMBER 1978: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius. ($3.00)

#22/JANUARY 1979: Trina makes her debut here, and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben. How much can you take? ($3.00)

#23/FEBRUARY 1979: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo. ($3.00)

#24/MARCH 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show. ($3.00)

#25/APRIL 1979: [illegible] with Chaykin and Wein's "[illegible]folio," and Val Mayerik's "[illegible] more ($3.00) SOLD OUT!

#26/MAY 1979: It's all-American (except for Druillet's "Dancin'" and a Proust joke): fifteen entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien." ($3.00)

#27/JUNE 1979: [illegible]ain Future," plus more illu[illegible] episode of "So Beautiful and [illegible] ($3.00) SOLD OUT!

#28/JULY 1979: Bodé's "Zooks" premieres, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts. ($3.00)

#29/AUGUST 1979: Caza steals the show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more. ($3.00)

#30/SEPTEMBER 1979: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V.3," alongside Montalbán and Moebius. ($3.00)

#31/OCTOBER 1979: Halloween strikes with a tribute to H. P. Lovecraft with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam, others. ($3.00)

#32/NOVEMBER 1979: Let us give thanks for Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more. ($3.00)

#33/DECEMBER 1979: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants." ($3.00)

#34/JANUARY 1980: A new year, a *new decade* — begins with a new look for *HM* with the debut of four new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, the conclusion of Corben's "Rowlf," and much more. ($3.00)

#35/FEBRUARY 1980: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this winter issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip. ($3.00)

#36/MARCH 1980: Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? For the answer read the Schuiten Bros. strip! Plus Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations." ($3.00)

#37/APRIL 1980: Our third anniversary issue — thirty-two pages of "Champakou" in living color, the final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé, and more! ($3.00)

#38/MAY 1980: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too? Take a look. We'll never tell! ($3.00)

#39/JUNE 1980: "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Sternn" saves the day. And in their revenge, the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth! ($3.00)

#40/JULY 1980: "The Alchemist Supreme" continues with Axle learning the truth about his sidekick Musky. Bilal's "Progress!" begins, and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave." ($3.00)

#41/AUGUST 1980: Druillet returns with the first installment of "Salammbo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress!" ($3.00)

#42/SEPTEMBER 1980: "The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bilal's "Progress!" picks up steam. Ernie Colón, Paul Kirchner, and Leo Duranona all contribute nifty shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet. ($3.00)

#43/OCTOBER 1980: Our Special Rock issue, packed with goodies by McKie, Moebius, Voss, Spain, Druillet, Yeates, Ho, Howarth, Kierkegaard, Jr., Colón, and Matena, and not to be missed! ($3.00)

#44/NOVEMBER 1980: With the Shogun spirit ablaze, this issue's cover by Hajime Sorayama, is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Claveloux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springett, and Bilal. ($3.00)

#45/DECEMBER 1980 Premiering Corben's illustrated "Bloodstar." Crepax's "Valentina," and Godard and Ribera's "What Is Reality, Papa?" Plus "The Cutter of the Fog," Rock Opera," and Moebius. ($3.00)

#46/JANUARY 1981. Jeronaton returns with "Women [illegible]." Corben, Godard and Ribera, Bilal/Dionnet and Rock Opera. Moebius tells us "There Is a Prince Charming on Rheinkern!" Don't miss it! ($3.00)

#47/FEBRUARY 1981 William S. Burroughs discusses [illegible] in "The Horny Goal," an interstellar [illegible] gets himself in and outa trouble. Some added attraction: Pages from Jeff Jones's *Yesterday's Lily* and an interview with the man himself. ($3.00)

#48/MARCH 1981 "Tex Arcana," John Findley's epic Western, begins. "What Is Reality, Papa?" and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continues and Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic *Salammbo* comes to an end. Plus, Harlan Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America. ($3.00)

#49/APRIL 1981 "Art and the Nazis," Corben's "Bloodstar," Gimenez's "Good bye, Soldier", Henry [illegible]'s "Stories from London," and an interview with Jules Ribera. Didn't think we could do it in one shot, did ya? ($3.00)

#50/MAY 1981 The premiere of Crepax's [illegible] Star Wars and Bilal's "The Hunting Party." Plus Sutdorf's "The Toll Bridge," and a William S. Burroughs piece on immortality. ($3.00)

#51/JUNE 1981 The first installment of the Richard Corben interview in view, Jim Starlin's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, and Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus, Caza, Chaykin, Crepax, and our own John Workman! ($3.00)

#52/JULY 1981 Stephen King terrifies with "The Blue Air Compressor." Jim Starlin's adaptation of *Outland* continues, while Chris Moore's fantastic pinup girl wraps it all up. ($3.00)

#53/AUGUST 1981 Spirad on the immortal Majority, the third part of the Corben interview, plus a sixteen-page pull-out section on the making of the *Heavy Metal* movie. ($3.00)

#54/SEPTEMBER 1981 Richard Corben's "Den II," Jeff Jones's "I'm Age," Juan Gimenez's "Infanzyman! Infantry-man!," and Tim Lucas's interview with the masters of horror. ($3.00)

#55/OCTOBER 1981: "Shakespeare for Americans," the first episode of Segrelles's "Mercenary," a gallery section devoted to Philippe Druillet, plus Jeff Jones, Enki Bilal, and Starenko. ($3.00)

#56/NOVEMBER 1981 Jeronaton's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones' Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Lee and Blanche Dillon beautifully. ($3.00)

#57/DECEMBER 1981 Strange encounters with Bobbie Harry, Jeffrey Jones, Segrelles and Corben. Plus the odd ending to "The Immortals' Fate." ($3.00)

#58/JANUARY 1982: Our "Happy Future" issue includes Arno, Leustal, Vess, Hii, and Gillon, and "The Autonomous Man," by Davis, Chaloner and Balfour. All surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, Starenko, et al. ($3.00)

#59/FEBRUARY 1982 Begins with the further adventures of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Moon and Chaykin's Sixteen Faces gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten et al. ($3.00)

#60/MARCH 1982: Our second Special Rock issue, featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon, Luis Garcia's "Nova II," begins, [illegible] on Murphy brings us the Elvis Cult. Plus our regulars, "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc. Enjoy. ($3.00)

#61/APRIL 1982 Our 5th anniversary issue offers you a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J.G. Ballard, you'll be kept busy until our 6th! ($3.00)

#62/MAY 1982: In this issue, we give you the first part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution" and let you look at "The Art of De Es Schwantzenegar." Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey. ($3.00)

#63/JUNE 1982 We proudly bring you our Fantastic Cities issue. With artists Vess, Caza, Scibelli, and R. Crumb. They are all surrounded by regulars Druillet, Moebius, Schuiten and Fernandez. Enjoy. ($3.00)

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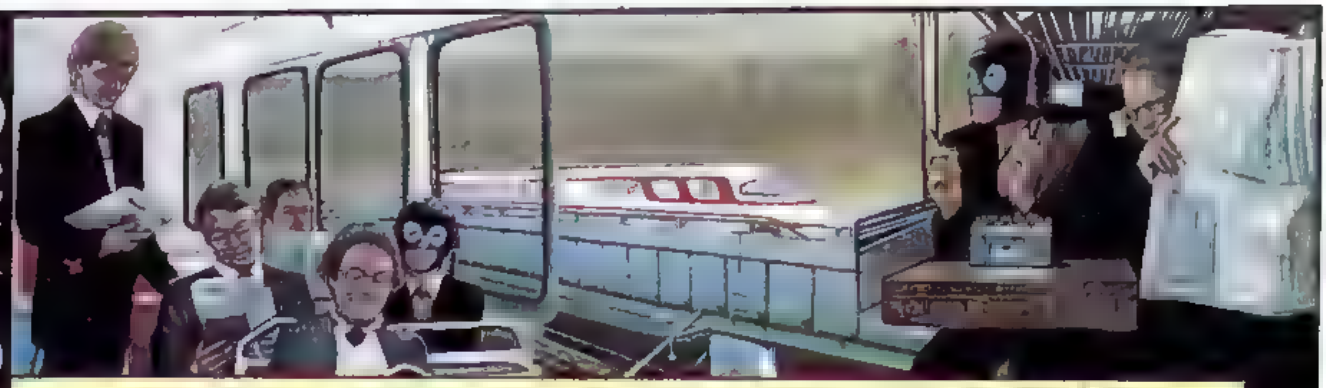
ROCK OPERA PRESENTS

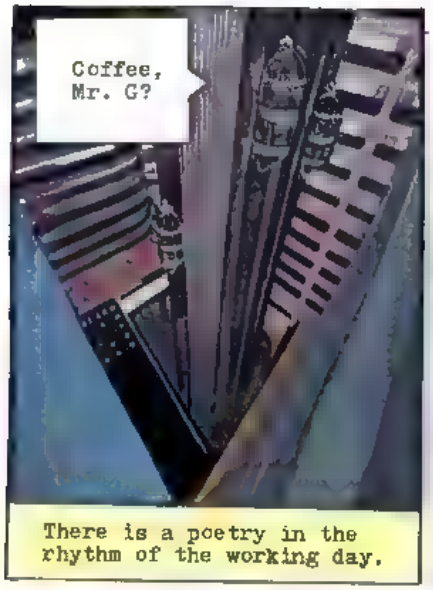


I never ride the monorail to work in the morning without feeling the thrill which accompanied my first day at Universal Volcanic Byproducts (Lava-Chip Division). Jammed into my sanitary pedestal, armed with my briefcase, I felt myself part of the vast machinery of a great city.

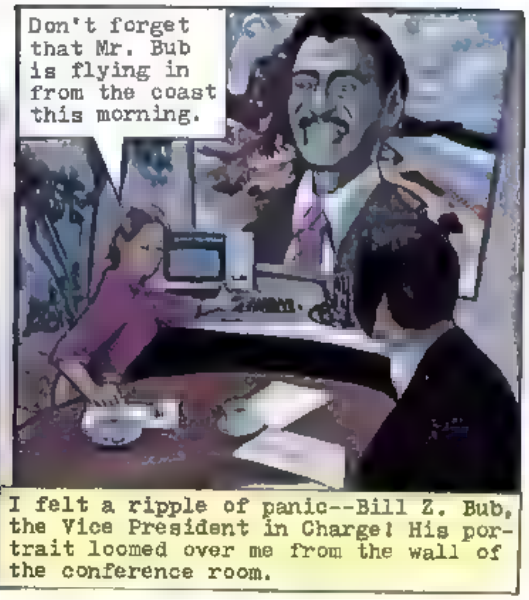
Its power and glory radiated invisibly outward along power lines snaking across the sky; "I am Work," it seemed to whisper. "Serve me well..."

And I, a humble legionnaire in its service, march in step through the electronic doors, humming the anthems of industry.

Condo bondage part 2


Coffee, Mr. G?
There is a poetry in the rhythm of the working day.

Thanks, Estrella.

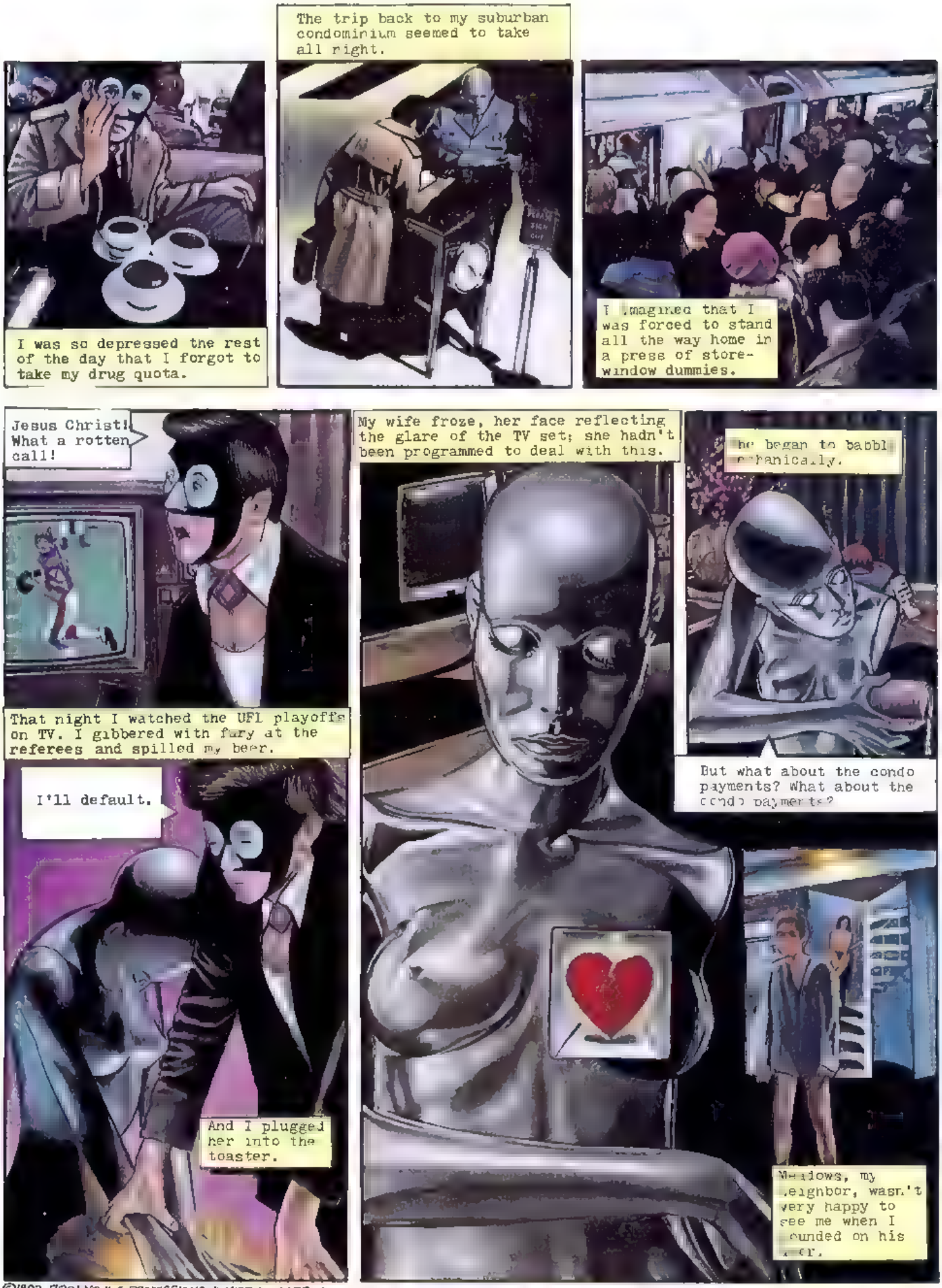

Don't forget that Mr. Bub is flying in from the coast this morning.
I felt a ripple of panic--Bill Z. Bub, the Vice President in Charge! His portrait loomed over me from the wall of the conference room.

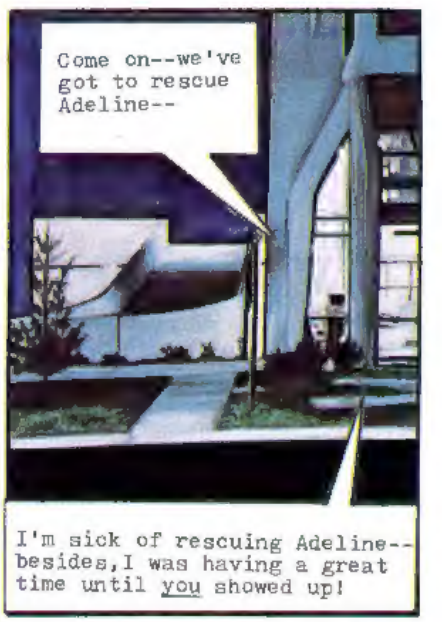
A lifetime later, after having been raked over the coals for the latest sales projections, I lunched with Ms. Adeline Jones from Marketing.

I'm a broken man, a piece of flotsam washed ashore...you are my beach.

But what about your wife?

She blushed prettily.
It's just that I've won the Employee Sublim-inal Motivation Award. I'll be leaving with Mr. Bub on a cruise to the Clouds of Magellan...
She is a harpy, a nagging automaton. It's you I love.

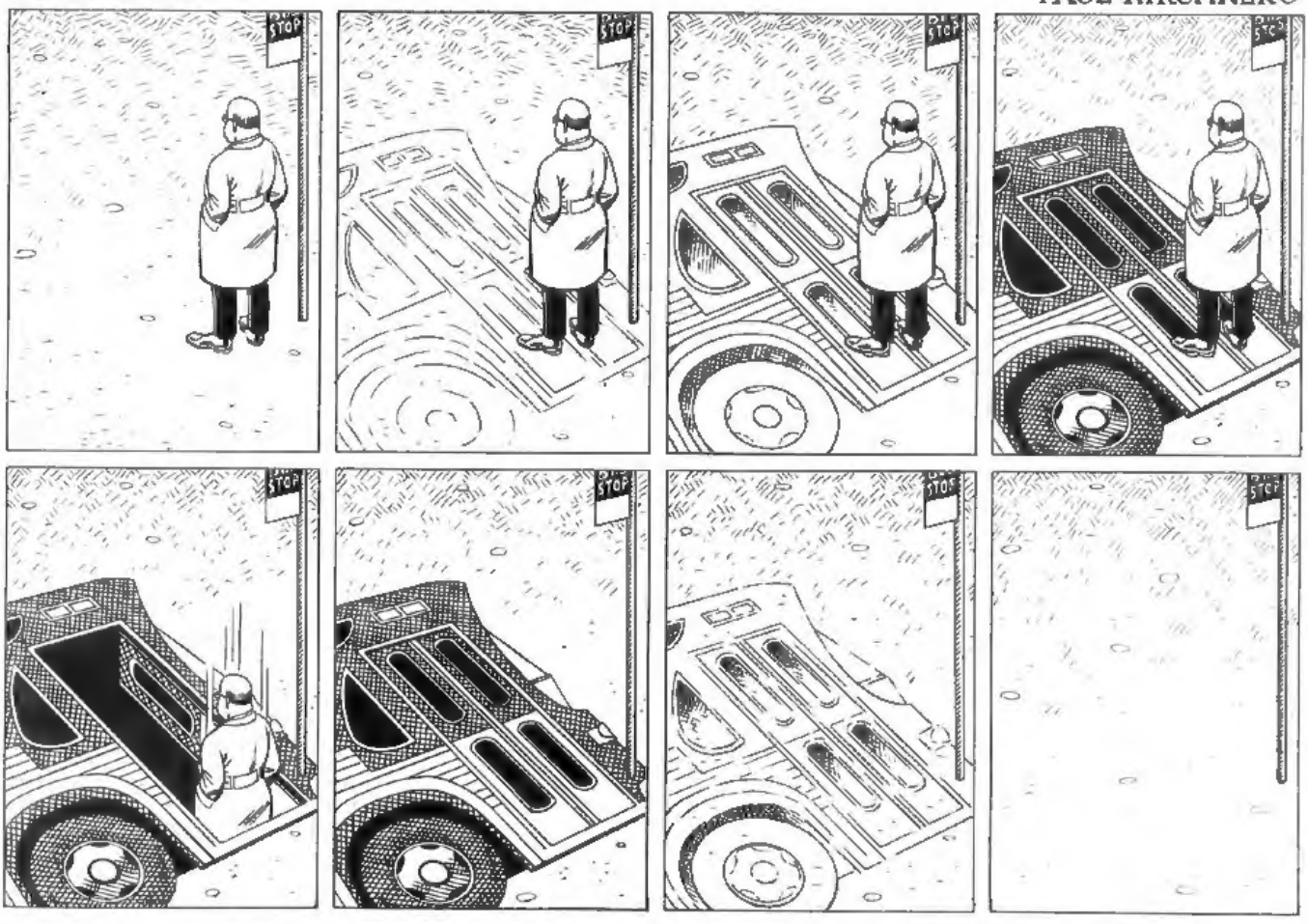

I was so depressed the rest of the day that I forgot to take my drug quota.
The trip back to my suburban condominium seemed to take all right.
I imagined that I was forced to stand all the way home in a press of store-window dummies.
Jesus Christ! What a rotten call!
That night I watched the UFL playoffs on TV. I gibbered with fury at the referees and spilled my beer.
I'll default.
And I plugged her into the toaster.
My wife froze, her face reflecting the glare of the TV set; she hadn't been programmed to deal with this.
he began to babbl anically.
But what about the condo payments? What about the condo payments?
Meadows, my eighbor, wasn't very happy to see me when I ounded on his or.
©1982 ROD 'YOUNG PROFESSIONAL' KIERKEGAARD JR
VISION OF THE FUTURE BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE BUGGLES AND THE OTIS ELEVATOR COMPANY



To Be Continued

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©



1. BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY THERE'S NO INTELLIGENT LIFE DOWN HERE

INSTANT RESPECT
GET IT WHENEVER YOU WEAR ONE OF THESE NOT NICE T-SHIRTS!

(BUY 4 TAKE 1 MORE FREE!)

2. PARDON ME, BUT YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEONE WHO GIVES A SHIT **3.** I USED TO BE DISGUSTED. NOW I'M JUST AMUSED. **4.** WE'LL GET ALONG FINE AS SOON AS YOU REALIZE I'M GOD **5.** THOSE OF YOU WHO THINK YOU KNOW EVERYTHING ARE VERY ANNOYING TO THOSE OF US WHO DO **6.** I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T CARE. AND IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE. **7.** LIFE IS LIKE A SHIT SANDWICH. THE MORE BREAD YOU HAVE THE LESS SHIT YOU HAVE TO EAT **8.** IF YOU CAN'T DAZZLE 'EM WITH BRILLIANCE, BAFFLE 'EM WITH BULLSHIT **9.** WHEN CHOOSING BETWEEN TWO EVILS I ALWAYS LIKE TO TRY THE ONE I'VE NEVER TRIED BEFORE **10.** SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME **11.** HAVE AN ORDINARY DAY with (Un) "Smiling Face" **12.** QUESTION AUTHORITY **13.** JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE PARANOID DOESN'T MEAN EVERYONE ISN'T OUT TO GET YOU **14.** DON'T ASK ME ANY QUESTIONS. I JUST MIGHT TELL YOU THE TRUTH **15.** IGNORE ALIEN ORDERS **16.** SO? **17.** I'M NOT CYNICAL. JUST EXPERIENCED. **18.** THERE ARE NO RULES. **19.** ASK ME IF I CARE **20.** THE TORTURE NEVER STOPS **21.** IF I TELL YOU YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL BODY WILL YOU HOLD IT AGAINST ME? **22.** ROCK 'N' ROLL IS NOT POLITE! **23.** IF YOU HAVE TO ASK YOU'LL NEVER KNOW **24.** WHO KNOWS? WHO CARES? WHY BOTHER? **25.** I KNOW YOU THINK YOU UNDERSTOOD WHAT I SAID BUT WHAT YOU HEARD WAS NOT WHAT I MEANT **26.** I DON'T CARE. I DON'T HAVE TO. **27.** WHEN I'M GOOD I'M VERY GOOD. BUT WHEN I'M BAD I'M BETTER. **28.** I WANT IT ALL AND I WANT IT NOW **29.** IT'S HARD TO SOAR LIKE AN EAGLE WHEN YOU'RE SURROUNDED BY TURKEYS **30.** WE ARE THE PEOPLE OUR PARENTS WARNED US ABOUT **31.** I'D RATHER LAUGH WITH THE SINNERS THAN CRY WITH THE SAINTS **32.** MADNESS TAKES ITS TOLL **33.** LIFE IS WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU WHILE YOU'RE BUSY MAKING OTHER PLANS **34.** SEX IS DIRTY BUT ONLY IF YOU DO IT RIGHT **35.** THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE SHIT **36.** I'M MAD AS HELL AND I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE IT ANYMORE! **37.** DON'T TAKE LIFE TOO SERIOUSLY. YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF IT ALIVE. **38.** IMMORAL MINORITY **39.** I'M NOT PLAYING HARD TO GET. I AM HARD TO GET. **40.** NEVER EXPLAIN. YOUR FRIENDS DON'T NEED IT AND YOUR ENEMIES WON'T BELIEVE IT ANYWAY. **41.** I NEVER ARGUE WITH FOOLS. PEOPLE MIGHT NOT KNOW THE DIFFERENCE. **42.** IT IS MORALLY WRONG TO ALLOW SUCKERS TO KEEP THEIR MONEY **43.** LIFE ISN'T GRAND ANYMORE. IT'S TWO GRAND. **44.** YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU WANT, BUT YOU CAN ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU NEED **45.** WHEN EVERYTHING'S RIGHT, NOTHING MATTERS **46.** EVERYBODY WANTS TO GO TO HEAVEN, BUT NOBODY WANT TO DIE **47.** LIVING WELL IS THE BEST REVENGE **48.** POVERTY SUCKS **49.** LEAD ME NOT INTO TEMPTATION. I CAN FIND IT MYSELF. **50.** IF YOU'RE SO SMART WHY AREN'T YOU RICH? **51.** THERE'S A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A DREAM AND A FANTASY **52.** BUT THEN WHAT DO YOU KNOW? **53.** YOU CAN GET MORE WITH A KIND WORD AND A GUN THAN YOU CAN WITH A KIND WORD **54.** I'VE DONE SO MUCH WITH SO LITTLE FOR SO LONG THAT NOW I CAN DO ANYTHING WITH NOTHING **55.** I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU AN OFFER YOU CAN'T REFUSE **56.** WHEN YOU'VE GOT THEM BY THE BALLS THEIR HEARTS AND MINDS WILL FOLLOW **57.** I'M REALLY ENJOYING NOT TALKING TO YOU. LET'S NOT TALK AGAIN REAL SOON, OK? **58.** WE ARE ALL EQUAL, BUT SOME OF US ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS **59.** BULLSHIT. BULLSHIT. BULLSHIT. **60.** DON'T GIVE ME THAT GOODIE-GOODIE BULLSHIT **62.** I GUESS YOU HAD TO BE THERE **63.** WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND **64.** MY WILL BE DONE **65.** NICE GUYS DON'T FINISH **66.** HOW MUCH SIN CAN I GET AWAY WITH AND STILL GO TO HEAVEN? **67.** AGE AND TREACHERY WILL ALWAYS OVERCOME YOUTH AND SKILL **68.** DAMN I'M GOOD! **69.** THERE IS INTELLIGENT LIFE ON EARTH, BUT I'M JUST VISITING **70.** POWER MEANS NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY **71.** I TALK TO MYSELF BECAUSE IT'S THE ONLY TIME I CAN HAVE AN INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION **72.** TIME FLIES WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING **73.** NO GOOD DEED GOES UNPUNISHED **74.** REMEMBER: WE'RE ALL IN THIS ALONE **75.** YOU'RE NOT GETTING OLDER, YOU'RE GETTING BITTER. **76.** I'M EASY TO PLEASE AS LONG AS I GET MY WAY **77.** WHY LOOK HERE FOR THE JOKE? IT'S ALL AROUND US. **78.** WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY, AND THEY ARE US. **79.** THERE IS NO FUN **80.** NO T-SHIRT READING IN THIS AREA **81.** I AM DEAF. PLEASE PUT YOUR COMPLAINT IN WRITING, AND MAIL IT TO YOURSELF. **82.** POWER MEANS NOT HAVING TO RESPOND **83.** I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN PRETENDING TO BE EVIL AND SECRETLY BEING GOOD. THAT WOULD BE DISHONEST. **84.** GREAT SPIRITS HAVE ALWAYS ENCOUNTERED VIOLENT OPPOSITION FROM MEDIOCRE MINDS (A. Einstein) **85.** NEVER TRY TO TEACH A PIG TO SING. IT WASTES YOUR TIME AND ANNOYS THE PIG. **86.** WHAT'S A NICE PERSON LIKE ME DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS? **87.** IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME JUST ASK ME **88.** WHEN YOU'VE GOT NOTHING YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE **89.** WHY ARE WE ALL PUT HERE TO SUFFER AND DIE? **90.** WHERE YOU STAND DEPENDS ON WHERE YOU SIT **91.** ONWARD THROUGH THE FOG **92.** NEVER KICK A MAN UNLESS HE'S DOWN **93.** I WOULD IF I COULD, BUT I CAN'T SO I WON'T **94.** I'VE ALWAYS BEEN CRAZY, BUT IT'S KEPT ME FROM GOING INSANE **95.** EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG, BUT YOU CAN BE STRAIGHTENED OUT **96.** I USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF **97.** YES, I DO MIND **98.** NO, IT'S NOT OK **99.** ONLY THE YOUNG DIE GOOD **100.** WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES, BUT ONLY AFTER THEY'VE BEEN TAKEN OUT AND SHOT **101.** THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IS SINCERITY. ONCE YOU CAN FAKE THAT YOU'VE GOT IT MADE. **102.** BE REASONABLE. DO IT MY WAY **103.** I'M NOT AS DUMB AS YOU LOOK **104.** IT'S HARD TO BE A SAINT IN THE CITY **105.** I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU OUT. WHICH WAY DID YOU COME IN? **106.** I DO IT ANY DAMN WAY I PLEASE **107.** EVERYONE NEEDS TO BELIEVE IN SOMETHING. I BELIEVE I'LL HAVE ANOTHER BEER. **108.** I ENJOY EVERY WORD YOU DON'T SAY **109.** TELL ME LIES **110.** HOW CAN I LOVE YOU IF YOU WON'T LIE DOWN? **111.** A SMART CAT KNOWS JUST HOW FAR TO GO WITHOUT CROSSING OVER THE LINE **112.** PUNISH ME WITH KISSES **113.** NO EXCUSES WILL BE ACCEPTED **114.** I'D RATHER BE PISSED OFF THAN PISSED ON **115.** DON'T BE HUMBLE. YOU'RE NOT THAT GREAT. **116.** IT'S NOT MY JOB! **117.** BUT ENOUGH ABOUT YOU. LET'S TALK ABOUT ME. **118.** RAISE HELL **119.** TOO RIPPED, GOTTA GO **120.** SAVE THE HUMANS! **121.** I DO MY BEST TO BE JUST WHO I AM, BUT EVERYBODY WANTS ME TO BE JUST LIKE THEM **122.** ARE YOU MAKING THIS UP AS YOU GO ALONG? **123.** OH, REALLY? **124.** THERE IS NO GRAVITY. THE EARTH SUCKS! **125.** YOU CAN FIND SYMPATHY BETWEEN SHIT AND SYPHILLIS IN THE DICTIONARY. **126.** WHEN IN DOUBT, MUMBLE. WHEN IN TROUBLE, DELEGATE. **127.** I WOULD INSULT YOU BUT YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT. SO I WON'T. **128.** DON'T GIVE MY ANY SHIT **129.** THAT'S ANOTHER FINE MESS YOU'VE GOTTEN YOURSELF INTO **130.** IF YOU CAN'T LAUGH AT YOURSELF EVERYONE ELSE WILL BE HAPPY TO DO IT FOR YOU **131.** TO ERR IS HUMAN. TO FORGIVE IS UNUSUAL. **132.** THOSE NOT BUSY BEING BORN ARE BUSY DYING **133.** YOU MAY KNOW IT ALL, BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND SHIT **134.** WHAT THE FUCK, OVER? **135.** WHEN I WANT YOUR ADVICE I'LL BEAT IT OUT OF YOU **136.** LET'S GET PHYSICAL **137.** LET'S GET HORIZONTAL **138.** "INDIANS! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN BIG TROUBLE, TONTO." "WHAT YOU MEAN 'WE,' WHITE MAN?" **139.** LIFE IS PERVERSE. IT COULD BE BEAUTIFUL, BUT IT WON'T. **140.** POWER CORRUPTS, BUT ABSOLUTE POWER IS ABSOLUTELY DELIGHTFUL **141.** IF IT'S NOT FUN, FORGET IT! **142.** ARE YOU FOR REAL? **143.** I'D RATHER BE RICH **144.** CAN'T LIVE WITH 'EM. CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT 'EM. **145.** DON'T TAKE EVERYTHING SO IMPERSONALLY **146.** WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO SERVE REFUSE TO ANYONE **147.** OF ALL THE PEOPLE I'VE EVER MET YOU ARE CERTAINLY ONE OF THEM **148.** IF IT DOESN'T FEEL GOOD DON'T DO IT **149.** DO YOU HAVE TO WORK AT BEING AN ASS OR DOES IT COME TO YOU NATURALLY? **150.** ZAPPA IS FRANK. First quality 100% cotton HANES medium weight t-shirts directly hand silk screened. SIX COLORS AVAILABLE: White print on BLACK, NAVY, or RED, BLACK print on WHITE, LIGHT BLUE, or YELLOW. Indicate 2nd and 3rd color choices. We may substitute colors unless you specify otherwise. 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